

The New Coterie

*A QUARTERLY
OF LITERATURE
& ART*

NUMBER FOUR
(AUTUMN - - - 1926)

LONDON :
E. ARCHER, 68, Red Lion Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

Recent Books by Contributors to "The New Coterie."

GERALD BULLETT.	"The Street of the Eye and Nine Other Tales." John Lane. 1923	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Mr. Godly Beside Himself." John Lane. 1924...	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"The Baker's Cart and Other Tales." John Lane. 1925	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Mr. Godly Beside Himself." A Play. Benn. 1926	3/6	&	5/-	...	
"	"The Panther." Heinemann. 1926	...	...	...	...	7/6
JEAN DEVANNY.	"The Butcher's Shop." A Novel. Duckworth. 1925	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Lenore Divine." A Novel. Duckworth. 1926	...	...	...	...	7/6
LOUIS GOLDING.	"Sunward." Sketches of Travel. Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Day of Atonement." A Novel. Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Sicilian Noon." Travels in Sicily. Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
D. H. LAWRENCE.	"The Plumed Serpent." Martin Secker. 1926	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"David." A Play. Martin Secker. 1926	...	...	...	...	15/-
"	"England, My England." Stories. Secker. 1924	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays." Centaur Press, Philadelphia	...	...	...	...	17/6
"	(translator). "Little Novels of Italy." By Giovanni Verga. Blackwell, Oxford. 1925	...	...	...	...	6/-
"	"St. Mawr." Martin Secker	...	...	...	...	7/6
S. MATTHEWMAN.	"Two Poems of the Road." Swan Press.	...	...	...	...	6d.
"	"The Harlequin." A Play. Swan Press	...	...	...	...	6d.
"	"The Crystal Casket." A Prose Fantasy. Swan Press	...	...	...	...	1/6
"	"Sketches in Sunshine." Swan Press	...	...	...	...	p.p.
"	"Poems 1926." (Collected.) In the Press	...	...	...	...	7/6
T. F. POWYS.	"The Left Leg." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Black Bryony." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	6/-
"	"Mark Only." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/-
"	"Mr. Tasker's Gods." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"Mockery Gap." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/-
"	"Innocent Birds." Chatto & Windus	...	...	...	...	7/6
PAUL SELVER.	"Personalities." Poems. Allen & Unwin	...	...	...	...	2/6
"	"Schooling." A Novel. Jarrolds	...	...	...	...	7/6
"	"One, Two, Three." A Novel. Jarrolds	...	...	...	...	7/6
WILLIAM SOUTAR.	"Gleanings by an Undergraduate." Poems	...	...	...	...	3/6

All the above books are obtainable at all First-Class Bookshops,
or can be ordered from

E. Archer's Bookshop,

68, RED LION STREET

- -

LONDON, W.C.1.

The New Coterie.

NUMBER FOUR - AUTUMN, 1926.

COVER DESIGN BY WILLIAM ROBERTS.

	PAGE
I. <i>Editorial</i>	5
II. Gerald Bullett : <i>The Grasshopper</i>	8
III. Rupert Croft-Cooke : <i>Holy Matrimony</i>	17
IV. Rhys Davies : <i>Mrs. Evans Number Six</i>	19
V. Jean Devanny : <i>Mrs. Salgast's Baby</i>	28
VI. Louis Golding : <i>Luigi of Catanzaro</i>	41
VII. Ida Graves : <i>Hypnos</i>	59
VIII. D. H. Lawrence : <i>Sun</i>	60
IX. S. Matthewman : <i>A Recipe</i>	78
X. T. F. Powys : <i>The Bride</i>	79
XI. Paul Selver : <i>Four Poems</i>	83
XII. William Soutar : <i>Mind and Matter</i>	86
XIII. A. S. J. Tessimond : <i>Götterdämmerung</i>	87
XIV. European Anthology IV	89

DRAWINGS.

	PAGE
William Roberts :	
<i>Drawing of T. F. Powys</i>	Frontispiece
Frank Dobson :	
<i>Nude Study</i>	facing page 32
B. Meninsky :	
<i>Head Study</i>	„ „ 48
Nina Hamnett :	
<i>Chartres, 1923</i>	„ „ 64
Pearl Binder :	
<i>Caricature of Jean de Bosschère</i>	„ „ 65

The New Coterie

A Quarterly of Literature & Art

2/6

All Communications should be addressed to :

The Editor,
THE NEW COTERIE,
68, Red Lion Street,
Holborn, W.C.1

Contributions submitted should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope

EDITORIAL.

THE present number of THE NEW COTERIE concludes our first volume. It may be remembered that, in the editorial which we wrote nearly a year ago, we began by quoting that remarkable letter of Sir Edmund Gosse, published in *The Times Literary Supplement* for August 6th, 1925 : " The whole pretence of a public love of literature," declared Sir Edmund on that occasion, " is a delusion, and the sooner we recognise it the better." Commenting on this pessimistic utterance, we suggested that our experience with THE NEW COTERIE would enable us to decide whether things are as black as Sir Edmund painted them. Well, we have had our experience, and our opinion is that things might be much worse than they are. For example, this might be the last number of THE NEW COTERIE. But it is not. We are going on.

* * *

Here we may perhaps be permitted to glance back at our original prospectus, and compare intention with achievement. What did we set out to do ? Let us quote our own words in reference to THE NEW COTERIE : " It will aim at printing original creative work of distinction, irrespective of the artistic tendency of the author. It will, therefore, welcome contributions from all writers who satisfy the sole criterion of merit, whether they have already received general recognition or not." Has THE NEW COTERIE done these things ? Any reasonable person who examines the contents of our first four numbers will certainly agree that it has. Consider, for example, our list of contributors. We admitted authors of established reputation (we also excluded them, when necessary), and we showed an equal impartiality to authors whose reputation has yet to be made.

* * *

If we appear to be emphasising what, after all, should be an editor's mere duty, our excuse is that, far from having been given

any credit for it, we have had to put up with downright misrepresentation. As we have said, any reasonable person will agree that our first four numbers justify the terms of our prospectus. Unfortunately, however, not all persons are reasonable. Indeed, some of them are astonishingly unreasonable, as our press-notices show. In a previous editorial we made a casual reference to this subject of press-notices, but we were then concerned with them more in their quantitative aspect. What about their quality? Here is a sample :

"THE NEW COTERIE : a Quarterly of Art and Literature (or so it terms itself) is the latest exponent of that somewhat curious class of wielders of the pen and pencil which the modern age has produced, who, we believe, are known as (or call themselves) Impressionists, Realists, Decadents or what not ; very young men who view life through distorted, cracked and muddy spectacles, and confusedly imagine that ' Literature ' should be spelled ' Muckraking ' ! . . . "

Of course, it would be easy for us to raise a laugh at the expense of the gentleman who wrote this criticism. But we will content ourselves with asking whether his remarks justly apply, let us say, to D. H. Lawrence or Lermontov or Augustus John or Liam O'Flaherty or Bjornson or John Gould Fletcher or William Rothenstein or Wilfred Childe or R. M. Rilke or Holger Drachmann or Edmondo de Amicis or—but need we continue ?

* * *

Perhaps we need not, but we will, if only to find room for the opinions of the critic who, referring to ourselves, pleasantly remarks :

" We confess we are too hopelessly Philistine to properly appreciate even the present galaxy of literary and artistic stars "

and then describes one of the items in THE NEW COTERIE as being

" . . . a terrible example of the evil results of an over-dose of pork-pie taken late at night."

Dimly we here perceive the emergence of something new—the Kruschen School of Literary Criticism.

* * *

There was once a publication called " Almanach de la littérature, du théâtre et des beaux-arts pour l'année 1862," and

there was once a Monsieur Jules Janin who contributed to it a review of Verlaine's "Poemes saturniens." The poems of Verlaine aroused a certain merriment in the spirit of M. Janin. "Quand il voudra se prendre au sérieux et ne pas tant copier M. Baudelaire," he concluded, with a chuckle, "on pourra lire avec un certain plaisir l'étrange effort de M. Paul Verlaine." In spite of the chuckles of M. Janin, however, Verlaine went on. And, as we have said, we are going on, too.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

A SHORT STORY.

"And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail. . . ."

TO walk from one side of the room to another was now as hazardous an undertaking for Paul Stevenage as it had been ninety years before when first he had stood erect upon this whirling globe ; and he regretted the queer impulse that had prompted him to bolt his cottage door last night, when, on the eve of his birthday, he had been visited by an intimation, the first of its kind, that the weakness as well as the pride of age was descended upon him. Bodily weakness he had been long familiar with ; but this misgiving, this pang of loneliness, presented a strange face. Chewing a long cud of memories, living in a past more real to him than the sunshine that was urgent at his window, more real than the beardless generation passing his door, what should he know of loneliness ? Yet now a kind of fear whispered in his mind. "That's gone, that's past," ran the message, "and I'm left here alone." He was more than ever alone, now that the common delights were failing him. For years past he had sat in his doorway, every fine day, and watched the comings and goings in the little lane ; but increasingly, of late, he had found the air too cool, even in summer, or the sun too strident in its brightness. Sunlight quivering on the chalky road was like a loud noise ; the patter of raindrops on the window-pane made him wince ; and the village children seemed rowdier every day. The outer world, indeed, was at once more clamorous and less significant, less intelligible, than it had been in former times. It was always knocking at his door, and to no good purpose. It was knocking now, with an iteration that seemed hostile and induced in him, as he made the slow difficult journey across the room, an answering hostility.

A voice outside announced, somewhat impatiently : " Post-man ! "

Breathless from bending to unfasten the bolt, he had no greeting for the postman, but received without a word the packet thrust into his hands. He let the door remain open, and returned to his chair to think things over. It was his birthday. Yesterday, until the moment of that tremor in the soul, he had conceived it as a day of triumph ; had in fancy received over and over again the congratulations of his neighbours. He knew himself to be a prodigy, being, in spite of his feebleness, still able to see and hear as well as any youngster of sixty. He knew himself for a wonderful old man ; but, greatly as he had enjoyed the part in the past, he was now a little tired of it. The day was begun ; in a short while the curtain would go up on what had promised to be the finest scene in the play ; but there would be no performance. Paul, his courage at the ebb, felt in his bones that he would never be a wonderful old man again.

There were so many difficult things to do. There was, for example, when he remembered it, this packet to open. It was tied with string and sealed with red wax. The prospect of opening his jack-knife, cutting the string, unfolding the brown paper, and examining the contents of the packet. This in anticipation so cruelly fretted him that he wished he had stayed in bed and slept through the postman's knocking. From time to time he would forget the thing altogether and lose himself agreeable in reverie, but always, in the end, he came back to it, lying there in his lap, demanding attention. Finally, by a prodigious effort of the will, he set to work. The knife was in his trousers pocket, to reach which he had to uncross his legs and straighten his body from the hip downwards—a tedious business. Then the knife must be opened and the string cut. He went over the process three times in fancy before he achieved it in fact : three several times, divided by intervals of dreaming and of wishing it were over and done with. At last, with the sense of having got through a day's work and more than a day's worry, he came to the heart of the matter. From the piece of cardboard that his tired fingers held, a pretty girl of about seventeen looked pertly up at him. He returned her gaze, at first dully, without interest, and then, as recognition half-dawned, with a faint wonder stirring at his heart. Some chord in him was touched but not awakened, and he vaguely felt,

rather than thought, that somewhere in the remote past this face had been known to him. There was a letter accompanying the photograph :

Just a lines to wish you hapy reterns and a liknis of our grandorter daisy who you of never seen our dear son George quit a scolard as writen this letter i shall soon be 81 of age dear Paul from dear Dot.

He was greatly puzzled by this letter, which gave hints of a story to which he had somehow lost the key. Dot he remembered, because he had seen her as recently as fifteen years ago, in her native village ten miles distant from his own, and it was of her, he supposed, that the young woman in the photograph had reminded him. But the phrase "our dear son George" was meaningless to the old man ; and, fatigued by the brief effort to understand it, he allowed the letter to fall unheeded to the floor, and his mind drifted on to other thoughts.

He was roused by the entry of young Mrs. Haycock, the brisk and comfortable woman of fifty who occupied the adjoining cottage, and came in each day to get his meals for him. This morning she was radiant with consciousness of the great occasion.

" Well, there you are ! " she cried, rubbing her hands on her apron. " Ninety-two to-day. Many 'appy returns, I'm sure, Granfer ! "

Paul mumbled an acknowledgment ; then, pointing accusingly at the latter, which he happened at that moment to catch sight of on the floor, he said accusingly : " Our dear son, George, she says. What can she mean be that, eh ? "

Mrs. Haycock, having picked up the letter and mastered its contents, began laying the breakfast table in silence, as though she had quite lost interest in the subject. But presently she remarked, in the tone one uses to a child : " George ? Why that must be George Robins, your own son, if all accounts be true. You know your son George, him that come to see you a year or two back. You must know 'im. Old George Robins. Why, everybody knows George."

She did not appear to expect any reply, but presently, having slowly digested her information, he remarked : " My son, George Robins ? Yes, I mind 'im." After a silence he added pettishly : " But what's George to do with Dot ? "

Mrs. Haycock approached with a steaming cup of tea. " She's 'is mother by the look of things, though it's none of

my business. And this pretty gel's 'is daughter." She bent over the photograph, and, having gazed her fill, summed up her admiration of it in one long sigh.

"Ah," said Paul, sipping his tea reflectively, "Dot were young George's mother, so she were. I'd got 'im mixed up with another gel." He creased up his face in a strange show of mirth, and a chuckle that was all but silent shook his frail frame. "Eh, but that'll be sixty year ago, I'll lay."

Paying little or no heed to this remark, Mrs. Haycock said, with loud, sickroom cheerfulness: "If you eat your breakfast nicely, Granfer, I've got a little surprise for you." She paused at the door to repeat: "A little surprise I'm fetching for you."

"I aint deaf," answered Paul, bending over his plate. "What makes gels so bloody noisy?" he inquired, of the world at large. But when Mrs. Haycock reappeared a moment later, carrying her "little surprise" with her, the old man remembered his manners in time to say: "Thank ye kindly, me dear. Very thoughtful and nice." He did not as yet know what form the gift was taking, but he was eager to get his thanks said without delay, lest subsequent events should put them out of his mind. He watched, with a curiosity that threatened to become irritation, while Mrs. Haycock, mysteriously smiling, placed a large square parcel on the brick floor. "Now you'll see!" she promised him. With these words she spat a long nail into her hand, whipped a hammer from her apron pocket, and, with these preparations made, eyed appraisingly the oak beam that ran across the ceiling. "That's the place for it," said Mrs. Haycock, after due deliberation. "But you'll have to mind not to knock your head on it, Grandfer."

Her assault, with hammer and nail, upon his home was more than Paul could bear without protest; but he was appeased when her intention became clear; and when at last the bird in its cage was safely suspended from the ceiling, he was moved to say, in all sincerity: "That's a martial pretty bird, me dear." It was, indeed, the prettiest creature that Paul had ever seen: sleek, plump, bright-eyed, in form the embodiment of grace, in colour the most delicate satin green. "And do he sing?" asked Paul.

Mrs. Haycock was eloquent in its praise, but it was the bird itself, after she had gone, that—in a burst of golden song—answered Paul's question. He was startled with joy by the

suddenness with which the room filled with passion and beauty. Sunlight and green fields and running water were in that bird's voice, so that Paul, listening, felt springtime quicken in his veins and the heart lifted out of him in ardour and aspiration. When silence fell he cried : " Sweet sweet ! ", trying by conventional bird language to coax from the lovely creature another song. And so it sang again and again, recreating in a shimmer of intricate melody the paradise from which it was exiled, and of which the sunshine, entering the open doorway, brought thrilling intimations. The old man listened, first in delight, then sadly. Sadness gave place to the realisation that he was weary of this incessant noise ; it was too loud, it was shouting words inside his head, and if he could not get relief from it, he must cry with vexation. " It's nesting time, don't you see," Mrs. Haycock had complacently said, " so of course the lil thing be full of song." He recalled this saying, muttering it to himself without being quite aware of its meaning, while he laboriously rose from his chair and faltered across the room to where the caged bird hung. He approached the bird with intention, but forgot the intention before it could be fulfilled, its place in his mind being smoothly stealthily appropriated by moments of the past : of himself as a child catching and killing the flies on a cow's back ; chance glimpses of meadow and sky ; boys in a brook, splashing and fighting ; a strange summer night spent in Venner's Wood with a girl whose face he had long forgotten ; and of ploughing, ploughing, with the broad equine buttocks swaying in front of him, and the tail twitching, and the furrows multiplying, and heat beating tangibly from the sky and rising visibly in a quivering glaze from the ground, and the soft thud of hooves, the gliding furrow, the smell of the newly-sliced earth all mingling in his senses. These things came to him neither vivid nor dim ; they were clear and bright, but they lacked the sharpness that made so troublesome the actual and present world, their light being veiled as by silk, their sounds muffled, their outlines softened by distance and uncertainty. The little rivers of this country soundlessly enamelled their pebbly beds ; its sun did not scorch, nor its cold winds bite. Kisses kindled no fire, and the mingling of limbs meant neither pleasure nor regret. Everything was subdued to the quality of quiet daydreaming, particular memories being rare and few in a stream made up for the most part of images without form and

echoes without sound. The outer world intruded but little into this reverie, so quick was the mind to translate the intruder into terms of the subtler medium ; the breath of honeysuckle that entered the room set stirring in Paul's heart a symphony of springtime to which numerous vanished and unremembered seasons contributed ; and this very bird, even while he gazed at it, was lost for a while in the anonymous multitude of sensations that its singing evoked.

But now the green bird, with shrill cries, began beating itself against the wires of its cage, and Paul's dreams scattered suddenly under this assault of reality. The noise and violence hurt him ; every nerve in his frail body was unendurably jarred ; his head filled with screaming and mirthless laughter. Into this pandemonium there flashed the thought, beautiful as the promise of salvation, that if he could not silence the creature in any other way, he could at least twist its damned neck ; and at once his fingers quivered to be at their murderous work. Dizzy with the effort to stand up straight, dangerously swaying on his feet like a little child, he yet maintained his precarious balance long enough to be able to touch the cage with fumbling hands. But the cage-door so cunningly resisted his attempts to open it that a feeble fury shook him—tears of vexation rose in his throat, shooting pains darted in and out of his eyes, and it was as if a band of hot steel had been clamped about his throbbing temples. Had he had but the power he would have torn the cage from the ceiling and trampled it madly under foot. In imagination he saw himself doing so, and this picture of his former strength distracted him a little from his present anger ; for, whatever he was now become, he had been a tidy enough chap in his day, as the village girls, in terror and delight, freely admitted when a mad dog came snapping and snarling down the street to be neatly strangled by fingers that were now too weak to open a birdcage.

Having lost himself again in memories, he woke with surprise to the knowledge that the cage-door was open and the bird gone. But the sound of its singing still vibrated in the sunlit room, and he looked round in time to see a green light circle once round the room, with agitated wings, before finding its way to freedom through the open door. After seeing the bird vanish, the old man stood motionless for a moment, as though bathing his spirit in the pool of this supervening silence, his eyes staring at the sunlit picture of spring which the doorway framed for him.

Then, with a sigh, he struggled back to his chair and sank down, wondering where the green bird would have led him if he had followed it. Perhaps into a singing forest and over the green hills that lay beyond ; perhaps, indeed, to Venner's Wood itself, or along the grassgrown Roman road that ran round the bases of the three hills, down Cuffield way. The better to picture such adventuring, Paul closed his eyes ; and the sun streamed down upon him, and the white road was solid under his feet. His sight was keen and clear, his step was elastic, and he smiled with satisfaction to feel the vigour that pulsed in his veins. The light streaming up from the road delighted his eyes without dazzling them ; he felt confident, equal to anything ; and, as he ran his fingers through the noble white beard that now stretched as far as the lowest button of his waistcoat, he chuckled and cried aloud : " I be a wonderful old man, there's no denying ! " He became aware, then, of a powerful thirst raging within him, and at the same moment, by a happy chance, he reached the summit of the hill and found himself staring at an old tavern sign, which he spelled out to himself letter by letter : *The King of Heaven*. It was a heartening sight, this tavern, beautiful and ancient in design, mellow in colouring, fragrant with the suggestion of harvest and sunset and that quiet good fellowship which the heart desires after a long and lonely journey ; a heartening sight, and to a thirsty man like Paul more than heartening. In a trice he had lifted the latch of the door and stepped in. The interior of the tavern warmed his heart with sudden pleasure ; he felt intensely at home ; yet he was aware that to all the old familiar things that his eyes now gratefully encountered, in their slow wondering scrutiny of the place, there was added a something at once very beautiful and a little strange that he had not expected to find there. A curious light, as of an eternal morning, filled this tavern ; and it was perhaps the quality of this light that made him forget for a moment that he must quench that fine thirst of his. At his entry a comely and kindly young woman rose to greet him with a smile of old friendship. An aureole of light encircled her dark head, and her eyes were bluer than a fair sky in June, so that Paul, meeting their glance, lost himself for a while in those heavenly distances. But at last, scratching his head in bewilderment, he asked respectfully :

" Can I get a drop o' mild here, ma'am ? "

"Surely," said the girl, with a laugh. She reached down a tankard, saying: "A quart?" It was wonderful the way she understood him. He began going through his pockets in search of coins, but she, observing the movement, remarked quietly: "There's nothing to pay here, you know. Like a bit of cheese with it?"

With his tankard in one hand and his plate of bread and cheese in the other, Paul made his way to the black, high-backed settle, and sat down. Over the pewter brim, as he emerged from his first draught, so deep and cool and satisfying, he saw the face of Dan Thatcher smiling at him. The two men nodded to each other, and, without need of words, everything was as it had been three score years before.

"Warm to-day," mumbled Paul, through a mouthful of cheese.

"Ay," said Dan. "But a smart little bit of wind on the 'ill 'ere."

There followed a long and comfortable silence, at the end of which Dan Thatcher rose, saying: "Well, cricket saternoon, spouse?" Without waiting for an answer he stamped his way out of the room.

Paul, remembering his age, grinned ruefully, and stroked his beard in protest. For the first time in this blessed place the wings of melancholy brushed him, but at that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of a lifted latch, and, turning in his seat, he saw the inner door of the taproom open, and heard the girl's voice saying: "Paul's come to see us at last."

There came into view, round the door's edge, the head and shoulders of an ancient, white-bearded man, whose radiant face lit up with a new pleasure at sight of Paul. As the stranger came into the room, carrying a newspaper in his hand, Paul knew him at once for what he was, and stood up humbly, with bowed head. After a moment of anguish and exultation he felt his two arms seized in a friendly grip; and, looking upon the face of God the Father, he saw such age as made himself the veriest child, such youth as he had never known, a power that terrified him, and a charity that made him weep.

"Well, old friend," said God the Father. "Sit down again and let's take a drink together."

Paul, obeying, could only stammer out: "Where am I, Lord? Am I in heaven?"

"Where else?" said God the Father. He smiled at Paul; he smiled at the girl; and Paul became suddenly aware of a picture that hung on the wall at her back, a picture glowing with green fields and sparkling water in which moved all the beloved figures of his past. Springing up to examine it more closely he saw that it was indeed no picture. It was a window that looked out upon the veritable kingdom of happiness. But while he stood, with held breath, and gazed, peace like an everlasting anthem flooding his heart, he heard a discordant screaming, and the walls of his cottage grew up darkly about him. Mrs. Haycock was stroking his temples, saying cheerfully: "That's better now! Why, you give me quite a turn!" Looking past her, Paul could see the green bird standing pertly in the doorway; and, filled with old alarm, he cried out in a cracked, quavering voice: "Don't let the lil bird come back, missus. He do sing so loud, I can't bear un."

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

HOLY MATRIMONY.

YOU never cared ? Very well, I'll trust
Your word, though it seems a little strange
That you should so often have come and thrust
Your arm in mine, and tried to arrange
A cushion or two in our one arm-chair,
And filled the mattress with stuff to soften ;
Of course I'll believe that you did not care,
But . . . why did you fill my pipe so often ?

I don't count kisses ; your lips were curved
With a small provocative arch, you carried
A mask of passion—of course it served,
(I don't count kisses ;) and we were married.
Did I love you ? Did you love me ever ?
Why do I go all over again
The same old ground ? Of course you never
Loved me at all, you have made that plain.

A gate where I used to wait your coming
And sit a-straddle on, I recall,
You aped indifference, and came up humming,
You never appeared to hurry at all ;
And although the tryst was made between us
You always pretended to be surprised,
And . . . a shapely elm leaned down to screen us
And love bathed naked in your blue eyes.

We found, too, a Bartolozzi Cupid,
And stuck him up in our bedroom ; oh
Of course I know it was awfully stupid,
But Love is rather a fool, you know.
We stayed at home at night because
We would be together ; oh yes, a crime ;
No, there I differ ; whatever it was
It certainly wasn't a waste of time.

I'm poor, of course. We've lived in an attic
Or top-floor back, if you like, and spent
Three pounds a week, which is not ecstatic ;
You wanted to go, but rarely went
Even to theatres and local dances ;
Yet it seems to me that it's hardly fair
To put the blame on the circumstances
And . . . hav'n't you claimed that you did not care ?

But here's the irony, I've been doubting
Whether we ever loved, while you
Yawned impatience more loud than shouting,
And the issue stands, and it's half-past two ;
And it does not really count in the slightest
Whether we loved at all or no,
Or which is blackest, or which is whitest,
Or whether you stay, or whether you go.

I'm tired. You go to bed. I'm going
To sleep on the sofa by the fire.
I might get a rise this year, no knowing ;
Those pictures, my dear, need copper wire,
Much better than string. No thanks, no tea,
Too late for kettles and things. That's right,
The biscuits, they always agree with me.
You'll close the door ? Good-night, good-night.

RHYS DAVIES.

MRS. EVANS NUMBER SIX.

THERE were twenty houses in Ash-Tip Row, all joined together in a coating of dirty grey cement, each containing four rooms, and at the back a strip of barren earth with the water-closet standing at the end. The front faced the base of one of the Valley hills, which rose in an angry, sullen green sweep, the lower slopes littered with pig-sties and chicken-cots belonging to the Row people.

It was a little community to itself. The men all worked in the colliery and in the late afternoon they could be seen squatting in their pit-dirt against the front doorways, gossiping with each other before they had their baths. The women, however, were not so friendly—there were always three or four antagonistic camps continually occupied in female battles—and very often one of them peering through the window-curtains and seeing her man talking to another belonging to a hated neighbour, would scream through the passage-way :—

“ Now then, James Lloyd, shut up your mouth, talking to that rubbish, and come in to your bath.”

And the man never hesitated to obey.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Evans lived in Number 6. They had been married and lived in the Row twelve years. During those years Mrs. Evans had created for herself an enviable reputation. She was without children, possessed the best collection of teapots in the Row, had three clocks, and on Sunday wore a hat made of real fur. Her collection of teapots was famous ; she had twenty-seven—eight more than old Mrs. Hughes, Number 10, had possessed. It had been a race between the two women to collect the largest number, and there had been much heart burning and acrimony over it. Mrs. Evans had said that Mrs. Hughes starved her family in order to buy teapots : Mrs. Hughes believed that Mrs. Evans denied her husband his rights so that she might escape the burden of expensive consequences. However,

Mrs. Evans' collection got larger, and finally her rival gave up the race and died.

Number 6 was spotlessly clean. Mrs. Evans worked at her home with fury, and her husband, coming home from the pit, was always greeted with her shrill voice :—

“ Wipe your dirty feet, Dai Evans.”

Though there was always a carpet of newspaper down until six o'clock.

She was a pinched and bony little woman with drab flesh and big thrust-out brown eyes : and she darted about with quick perky movements, continually irritated by the sight of her husband, who, stout and childish, moved about like an obstinate elephant.

He was apt to mutter, “ Gone daft is my old woman since she passed forty. Drink senna tea all day she does, and wakes up in the middle of the night to take pills. But healthy as a little pony she is. Odd are her ways.”

He did not trouble about her much, as long as she didn't spend too much money on her housekeeping. A Welsh miser, his only luxury was the packet of boiled sweets he bought every Saturday night, which he consumed in bed Sunday morning, always giving his wife three. Once or twice he had spoken of her extravagance in buying teapots and other ornaments for the parlour, but she had met the complaint with such fury that he had retreated from her in dread.

“ No thanks to you is it that I am the most respected woman in the Row,” she would shout. “ Coarse is my underwear because of your meanness, and not nourished in the proper manner is my body.”

“ Enough money I give you,” he would mutter. “ For why you spend it on silly china and decorations ! Like a bazaar in the old chapel the house is looking.”

But with her perky barks and tawny eyes protruding to him menacingly, she always beats him into silence.

Her house, she knew, was the best in the Row. No one had curtains like hers ; she had Venetian blinds, a row of brass candlesticks on the living-room mantelpiece, and hers was the only house that had linoleum over the stone of the passage-way. She was always aware of the envy or malice of her neighbours' voices when they spoke to her. And in chapel she sat in her seat stiffly and never failed to thank God for His kindness to her.

* * *

Then one afternoon Dai Evans came home from the pit and found his wife very agitated. She didn't even call to him to wipe his boots. He noticed that her face was grey, her eyes gleaming. When she had given him his broth she burst out :—

“What think you, Dai Evans !”

“What ?” he asked.

“A piano Mrs. Lloyd, Number 14, has got.”

“Darro me,” he said, “quick to spend the insurance money over her father she has been.”

“Arrived this morning it did,” she continued excitedly, “and a little stool to sit on in front of it.”

“Telling me Lloyd was the other day,” said Dai, “that musical is his daughter Maggie.”

“A stuck-up slut she is,” replied Mrs. Evans with disgust. “And there's brazen is her mother to spend money on pianos ! In debt she is in her shop, and ragged are her boys.”

“Now then, Mrs. Evans,” Dai muttered, “let your words be kinder.”

But she suddenly sank into a chair and began moaning. Dai went on with his meal.

“Triumphant she was when it arrived,” she began to cry, “and called me to see it. ‘Proud I am that the only piano in the Row it is,’ she said to me. And there's spiteful she looked ! Always hated me she has.”

“Well, well, many things have you got different to them.”

“Nothing are they to a piano, though !” she moaned.

Dai sighed and got up. Thrusting his hands into his trousers over his stomach he went out to the pavement for a talk. The woman was foolish and trying.

But the following day, after his bath, as he sat in his shirt before the fire warming his fat legs and began to open the newspaper, she said suddenly :—

“An organ I want, Dai Evans.”

He looked at her vaguely.

“An organ ?” he enquired, puzzled.

“There's daft you are !” she began to bridle impatiently.

“Know you do what an organ is, don't you ?”

“A mouth organ mean you ?” he asked in astonishment.

She lost her temper. It had been an irritating day.

“An old idiot you have always been, Dai Evans, and worse you get. What for I want a mouth organ ! A real organ I mean.

Like they got in chapel."

Dai began to titter.

"And what for you want an organ like they got in chapel?" he asked.

She leaned over to him angrily.

"Flaunting has Mrs. Lloyd been to-day," she said in a dangerous voice, "and been to hear her piano have nearly all the women. Gave them a cup of tea she did and said things about me, laughing at my teapots."

"Tut, silly you are to worry about them," observed Dai, looking at her with fear.

Mrs. Evans raised her voice.

"An organ I want. Kill her conceit it will. A big organ with a mirror in the middle and a little row of pipes each side. Saw one I did in a shop in Pontypridd last summer."

But Dai lost patience too.

"Ho, speak sense, woman. Think that made of money I am? An organ indeed! Say you next a silver teaset you want, and a lamp of gold. And buy them I will to-morrow! Decaying is your brain."

She came nearer to him, her protruding eyes burning.

"An organ I want!" she repeated ominously.

He got up and pushed her away.

"Out of my road. Where's my trousers? Sickening it is to stay in this house for long."

Then she burst into violent sobs. But he took no notice. Putting on his trousers and boots, tying a muffler round his neck and donning a coat, he went out, muttering dark threats and maledictions of the female sex.

Mrs. Evans sat in a chair brooding. Her reign was menaced; the world was tumbling about her. Her only happiness in life, her acknowledged superiority to her neighbours, was being snatched away from her by that woman in Number 14. What were her twenty-seven teapots and her clocks compared to a piano? Only an organ would prevent the triumph of that woman; very few people could afford organs, an organ like they had in chapel. She *would* have an organ.

The next afternoon Dai looked up from his basin of broth and asked in a puzzled manner:—

"Where are the leeks, Mrs. Evans; and the onions?"

She answered calmly:—

"Stint me in money you do and plain has been my food in the past, so that the best you could have. A silly ass I've been. But suffer with me in the future you must."

A thick flush crept over Dai's face, under the pit-black.

"Woman, have you locked up I will. There's madness, to make broth without leeks and onions." He looked at her threateningly.

"Unsafe you are, and get the doctor to examine you I will."

She ignored him. But the tea after the broth was pale and tepid and the water for his bath half-warmed. Dai stormed and swore, but she went about her duties with a shut, mute face. Finally he burst out savagely:—

"Think you you will conquer me by your silly ways! Harken you to me. Reduce your money on Saturday I will. Half of the usual sum you shall have."

She looked round, her upper lip drawn back. But she said nothing.

The next afternoon he came home and found her crouched before the half-dead fire, a shawl over her head and gathered like a shroud round her body. She panted as she breathed, and her eyes as she looked up were dull and murky as cold cocoa.

"Taken bad I am, Dai Evans," she muttered. "Mrs. Jones One Eye has made your dinner. Bring it in presently she will."

He stared at her suspiciously.

"Shamming you are!" she exclaimed.

Strangely, she did not reply. But tears began to drip from her weary eyes. This was amazing. Dai couldn't remember when last she had wept. Though he looked at her nervously, he continued:—

"Nonsense this is. There's a house for a man from the pit to come to! Tired of it I am. Improve yourself, you foolish old woman, or a separation I will arrange."

She began to weep noisily. Just then Mrs. Jones, who lived next door, came in with a basin of broth. Mrs. Jones was a tall sharp woman with red hair and one false eye. Her natural eye had a grim and warring look, but the glass one had a youthful glance of appealing softness. Dai always avoided looking at her.

"Well, Mr. Evans," she said, giving him the broth, "weak is your wife. Bad she has been since half-past ten this morning."

Dai waved his hands.

"Doubtful of it I am," he said.

Mrs. Jones sniffed with disgust.

"Ach y fy, there's awful you are, man. Stupid you are then, not to see how bad she is? Knocked the wall to me this morning she did and lying on the floor she was when I came in."

Dai sucked up the broth sullenly. His wife still crouched before the fire, silent except for her panting and a slight moan now and again escaping her lips. Mrs. Jones, after a further expression of disgust at his callousness, went back to her house.

Dai was stout and liked comfort. Often his wife made lovely little Welsh cakes for tea on Sunday, and in winter she would put a hot brick into the bed. The small beer she made, too, was delicious. And she was honoured in the Row.

He turned to her. "There's foolish you are, to make yourself bad over this business! Worry yourself to the grave you would because of that piano? Be wise now and laugh at Mrs. Lloyd. Not like yours is her reputation in the Row."

She continued to pant, drawing the shawl tighter over her head and shivering. Her face, unwashed and sallow, looked out frozenly. He began to be convinced.

"There now," he continued soothingly, "astonish them shall we? Buy you a talking box with a big trumpet I will!"

She shook her head.

"Leave me alone," she whispered.

He lost patience. "All right then. A lot of silly fowls are women. And sources of trouble."

And he took no further notice of her all the evening, going out about nine o'clock and not returning until late. She was in bed when he arrived back and there was no supper laid for him. When he went upstairs he found their bedroom door locked. He banged angrily.

"Open the door, Mrs. Evans."

Her voice came faintly:—

"Sleep in the little room you must."

For a few moments he could find no words. But he continued to bang the door furiously.

"Go away," she called moaningly, "awful bad I am."

"Rubbish you talk," he shouted. "What think you I am—a servant? Damp and hard is that bed in the little room. Unlock and let me in to my own bedroom."

But she answered no more. And his continued blows and

shouts had no effect. Finally, he stamped away to the back room and with many loud groans got into the tiny bed therein.

And she did not get up to see him off to the pit the next morning. He swore and shouted about the house, but the bedroom door remained locked and all he could get from her was a cry to be left alone.

He returned from the pit ferocious and hungry. Mrs. Jones One-Eye came downstairs as he was about to call out for his wife. She looked at him solemnly.

"Worse she is, Dai Evans. But there's stubborn too! Grieving over something she is. Just told me she did that no medicine will she take and only into a coffin will she be shifted from the bed. 'Die I want to,' she said, 'weary of living I am.' And indeed now, grey like an old corpse she is getting."

He snorted sullenly.

"See her I will presently," he said. "Made my broth have you?"

After the meal he went upstairs. For a while he stared at his wife in silence. She lay back in the bed, her mouth wide open, her eyes staring empty and her nose wrinkled up. The bed clothes heaved like a troubled sea as she drew in and emitted her breath. And her skin was dark like earth. It had not been washed for two days.

His sullenness dwindled.

"There's rotten you look," he said grudgingly. "The doctor have you had?"

She shook her head weakly.

"Fetch him I will," he said in a determined voice.

"Dai Evans," she whispered with great difficulty, "don't you trouble about me. Broken up I am. Useless and a waste would medicine and doctors be."

"Worrying yourself to badness you are because of Mrs. Lloyd's piano," he persisted complainingly.

"Dai Evans," she continued, panting, "a cruel and unnatural husband you've been to me. There's an evil day it was for me when I left home to marry you! Sunk myself I did, and hard has been my trouble to raise myself above these common old people you brought me amongst. Happy I was home, making bread and the little cakes for the shop, and I was a deaf owl not to listen to my mother about you."

She paused for a moment. He began to fluster and bridle.

Then she added :—

“ But love you I did, and there’s handsome you used to be on Sundays, singing in the choir and winking at me from the gallery. A good and hard-working husband you’d be, I thought. Dream I did of the happy little home we would have.”

“ Well,” he said, “ happy I’ve been. But inclined to grieving you always were, Mrs. Evans. A baby you ought to have had.”

She began to weep.

“ Then,” she continued, “ when asked you for an organ I did, turn on me like a mad bull you did. Borne up over my weak inside I was before, but now broken up I am.” She turned her head away from him wearily.

He gazed at her, his big lower lip clasped over the upper, his little obstinate eyes gazing sulkily.

“ A think over this I will have,” he said at length. And went downstairs.

Later on in the evening he returned to the bedroom and said grudgingly :—

“ All right then, buy you an organ I will. But a condition I must make, Mrs. Evans. Take a lodger we must, to help pay for the instrument. Then I can afford it.

Her eyes gleamed angrily for a moment. A lodger ! It was one of her distinctions that she had never taken one. She muttered :—

“ There’s disturbed our little home would be by a lodger.”

He cried furiously :—

“ A fat-headed old mare you are, with your freaks and fancies. Sick of them I am getting. If you want an organ, a lodger you must take. Spoken my last word on the matter I have.

She consented to the arrangement. Let the organ be in the house first ; she would be sure of that. The other matter could be disposed of afterwards.

* * *

Mrs. Evans got well slowly but surely. And the following Saturday she, Dai, Mr. Price Griffiths, the minister of their chapel, also Mrs. Jones One-Eye and her husband, went to buy the organ in Pontypridd. It was a large, lovely thing. There were seven golden pipes each side of the mirror in the centre, and places for vases and photo frames here and there : as imposing an organ as anyone could wish for. During the journey back in the tramcar Mrs. Evans’ face shone with exultance and pride.

She was thinking how she would arrange the front room to make space for the organ.

"Move the glass cupboard out I shall have to," she said to Mrs. Jones One-Eye, "and hang the teapots on little hooks over the walls. Dear me, busy I shall be for the next few days."

Until the arrival the purchase was to be kept a secret from the other people in the Row. Mrs. Evans drew the blinds of the front room and worked in there tirelessly: everything was rearranged, though Dai refused to spend more money on a fresh wallpaper. But she was as happy as a little pup.

And on Wednesday morning the organ arrived. Mrs. Evans put on her best purple silk blouse and her Sunday boots. Her face was stiff, her manner superior, as the men struggled and sweated to get the instrument through the narrow passage and doorway: the neighbours had gathered and she could hear their voices. When the men had gone she went to the front door and smiled to the women.

"Come and see my new organ, people," she called. "A beauty it is."

Mrs. Lloyd Number 14 was among them. And at sight of her red and angry face Mrs. Evans said to her kindly:—

"Mrs. Lloyd fack, don't you be upset now. Come you and have a cup of tea with me: no malice have I got for you. Lovely your little piano is and let your daughter play on my organ I will if you like."

But Mrs. Lloyd refused to associate with the woman.

* * *

That evening the curtains were drawn back from the front room windows, the lamp was kept burning, its light shining on the dark wood and the bright gilt of the organ. Peace and serenity reigned in the house, and Mrs. Evans sat before the fire in pleased conversation with Mrs. Jones, smiling and nodding her head happily.

God was good. He always gave triumph to those who worshipped faithfully. And from the first she knew she was better than any other woman in the Row. And what did it matter that neither she nor Dai could play the organ? It was there, in the house, and the only one in the Row.

JEAN DEVANNY.

MRS. SALGAST'S BABY.

GOLDEN RIDGE seemed veritably to undulate in the late afternoon heat. It was a little stick of a mountain, terminating one of the innumerable small ranges that run down to the sea on the West Coast of the South Island. Its top was almost spiked. A rich but patchy gold reef was located in it, the working of which provided employment for about fifty men, whose unsightly habitations were tucked away in crannies here and there ; a precautionary measure against the wind which, when it blew, blew hard.

The clayey ground was baked and broken. The only vegetation on the Ridge was stunted manuka, all awry, its natural beauty coarsened to tough ugliness by its struggle for existence in the face of the wind. All around the spike from its top down streeted a decade's accumulation of quartz ; twice vomited, first by the mine and then by the battery. It was white, this quartz, lumpy and dangerously sharp, yet the only paths up to the Ridge were over it. The pack horses, fetching weekly supplies from the settlement twelve miles inland, the road to which dipped all the way, had to scramble up these quartz tracks the best way they could. And the last hundred yards to the top were almost perpendicular.

So the inhabitants of the Golden Ridge settlement rarely left it to return. Especially the women. The mine was known all over New Zealand for the richness of its lode and the lack of supervision, so miners had a habit of going there and staying there for a year or two, until they had "lifted" a fair amount of gold, then leaving for good. Lack of vegetables often gave the men scurvy. (Even the settlement twelve miles down was a saw-mill through which goods only passed, the nearest supply place being forty-five miles away.) They rarely saw an egg. Their milk came out of a tin. Their meat came forty-five miles once a week, so mostly it came out of a tin, too.

Yet an artist would have loved that Golden Ridge. For never were there goodlier scenes to grace the eye. One side

of the Ridge fell from head to foot abrupt and steep in a cliff four hundred feet high. Colossal, monstrous, brutal, that sheer drop, dizzying to the very birds, though its grim, Gargantuan face was veiled in curtains of softest green. And the gentle fall of the land from the cliff bottom to the sea, a distance of about two miles, upheld the welter of tropical rain forests that for their beauty and abundance have placed New Zealand in the sun. To look down on those forests from the Ridge! The pines, the matapo, the ratas, the weeping rimu, regal in its sorrow; the lianes, the treeferns, the filmy ferns and flowers, all woven by the distant eye to a carpet befitting God.

And the edge of that green carpet was embroidered by the sea. Ocean blue, always blue, of deeper tint or lighter, the Tasman Sea stretched out, and each night bedded the sun. Just before Christmas it was glory, to look down on the blaze of rata, plentifully daubed with white. Clematis white. And the scents of the palm-lilies down by the sea were flung back by the winds to the mountain.

* * *

Bob Salgast's hut of two rooms stood fifty yards back from the cliff, sheltered by a hump at its back. Level ground, bearing the only grass on the Ridge, stretched out to the cliff.

Bob was a fine young chap, good-natured and hearty, a favourite among the men; New Zealand born of English parentage, he always told an inquirer, liking that "English parentage." He was one of the few married men on the Ridge.

His wife was much of his type, pleasant as a rule, rough-mannered and rough-spoken; the ordinary woman of that way of life. Sometimes she "nagged" at Bob, as most women of her class nag at their men; sometimes the awful quiet and loneliness drove her to outbursts of hysteria, but mostly she stood the life bravely, knowing it was only a matter of a year or two, and then—Australia, for the "clean-up."

Bob did very well. He ran the battery and handled all the gold. Besides which, he was the only man in the place with a mortar, which meant that he was kept busy in a certain dark cave crushing the stone "lifted" by his comrades. On tribute, of course. Sometimes the dull echoes of his pounding hammer issued, muffled and mysterious, from that secret cave-mouth till two o'clock in the morning.

The life was hard for Mrs. Salgast, it must be admitted.

There were three other women on the Ridge and the continual tale-bearing and quarrelling provided a certain amount of interest, but still—it was hard on the four of them.

But this story is concerned with the fact that Mrs. Salgast gave birth to a child, a son, just before Christmas, one year. She and Bob had been married twelve years and had long given up hope of issue. Then along came this child. Bob thought it great, when he knew it was coming. He seemed crazy with joy and made himself the laughing-stock of the mine with his tempestuous, open rejoicing. He had a head of the loveliest light-gold curls imaginable and he would thrust his hands up into his mop and boom out :

“ A youngster, Ashes, old man ! A kid after all these years ! Who'd have dreamt it ? Aye ? ” This to his years-old friend and comrade, Ashley Fletcher, the manager of Golden Ridge mine.

Fletcher “ boarded ” with the Salgasts, sleeping in a decent little shack of his own not far away. He had brought Bob to the Ridge, the two having contracted a deep comradeship when both were mining up at Waihi. He knew of the pilfering and the reason for Bob's interminable absences from home, but obligingly closed his eyes. He was big like Bob ; fair-haired and fair-skinned like him, but there the resemblance ended. He was quiet, stable, always hesitating in manner and speech, deeply thoughtful. His eyes were steel-grey and seemed closer than they were, because of his habit of thoughtful frowning. His nose was thin, slightly pinched in at the nostrils ; his lips a straight line set in square, determined jaws. He was extraordinary looking ; one might even say distinguished. He was not too clever, had little formal education, yet his grit had secured him a first-class quartzmine manager's ticket.

At Salgast's impetuous outbursts on the subject of the child he would smile quietly, sometimes drop a dryly humorous remark or two in reply.

Salgast wanted his wife to go away early in her pregnancy and leave him and “ Ashes ” to help themselves to their meals. This course was necessary if she intended to go at all, as the way out was so rough. But Mrs. Salgast had a friend in Nelson, a professional nurse, who had often intimated her desire to have a holiday at the Golden Ridge, so she sent for this woman and

stayed in her two rough rooms and had her baby. Bob knocked up a bunk in Fletcher's bach.

Now when that baby came it had black hair. Like its mother's they said, though its mother's hair was dark brown. Its face, like that of most new babies, was red. Its eyes were black. Bob laughed at it.

"Where the devil did it get the black eyes, Ashes?" he asked jocularly the first day. The two were outside the shack, Fletcher leaning against the wall stiffly, Bob pacing up and down before him. After a while Fletcher answered in his slow, hesitating way:

"I've heard that two very fair people often have dark children and vice versa. I knew a couple who were both dark as possible, yet all their children were red-headed."

"Oh? Aw, well, it doesn't matter. I rather like dark people myself."

But after a few days the redness departed from the baby's face and body; its features began to take form more clearly. And it was then that the first uneasiness made itself felt. The nurse began to look dubiously at it and at the mother, her friend. The mother began to stare at it, with puzzlement at first, then with strange and awful eyes. At times a wild wonder would flit across her face and she would search that of the nurse when she in her turn gazed on the baby.

At last (the baby was a week old) the nurse, as she was washing the child in the morning, said casually:

"Your parents are English, aren't they, Annie? Londoners?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Salgast.

"And Bob is English, too, isn't he?"

"Yes." But now Mrs. Salgast was sitting up, staring at the naked baby. She swallowed several times, then whispered: "Why, Alice? Why do you ask? You knew." The nurse sat very still for a moment looking down on the babe, then, folding a towel around it quickly, she rose, brought it to the bed and uncovered it before its mother.

"My dear," she said gently. "Look at it! You'll have to face it and so will poor old Bob." Mrs. Salgast's eyes dilated. She clutched at her breast and panted. "I—I——" She tried to speak but could not and the other put in brusquely:

"It's a Maori; a regular Maori."

Mrs. Salgast threw up her hands, pawed the air with them, tried again to speak, then fell back unconscious on the pillow.

The nurse left her, sat down again and dressed the baby, muttering to herself and crying. By and by a weak voice quavered out :

" Alice, I swear I have had no Maori. I swear it."

" Oh, Annie ! What's the use of lying ? Here's a Maori baby. I'm thinking of poor old Bob. I wouldn't let him take it in the light these last two days ; I told him it had a cold. But he's got to know and then what will happen ? " She cried aloud. Mrs. Salgast suddenly screamed out :

" I swear I have had no Maori ! " and began to vent great choking sobs. In a few minutes she was in a fever, raving.

The nurse was distracted. Her patient might die. She ran in and out in a fever herself with anxiety. At last she noticed Fletcher entering his bach which was in full view of Salgast's place. He might help ! He might tell Bob for her. Now that the matter was broached it had better be finished and done with. She had to protect her patient. She called to Fletcher, who turned and came to her at once.

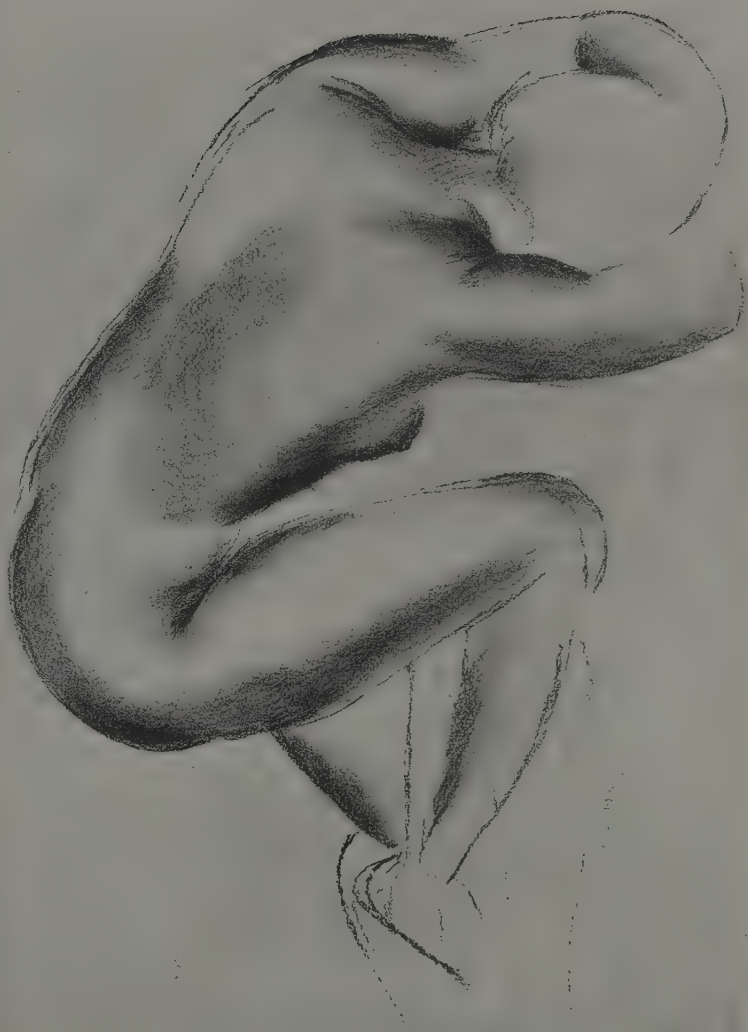
" Mr. Fletcher, there's bad trouble here. This baby of Mrs. Salgast's is a Maori baby. It couldn't be noticed at first, it never can, hardly, but now it's getting a regular Maori. Mrs. Salgast has recognised it and is in a fever. She's raving. Will you tell Bob ? He's your friend. You never know what a man will do at a time like this," she finished hurriedly, wiping her face with her apron.

Not a muscle of Fletcher's face moved. At her first words his eyes went over her head in a steady stare at nothing. For a full minute he maintained a stony silence, the nurse impatiently waiting, then said briefly :

" All right. I'll tell him. I'll see him as he leaves the mine." He turned on his heel, but stopped again to ask : " You're absolutely sure ? There can be no mistake ? "

" Oh, I'm sure ! " she burst out. " Too damn sure ! "

He returned again to the shack in half an hour to see how Mrs. Salgast was getting on. Being assured that she was quiet and sleeping he went about his work all day as usual. When the knock-off whistle blew he stood outside his place and waited for his friend to come by. Salgast came hurrying and whistling.



NUDE STUDY.
FRANK DOBSON.

He flung out a cheerful : " Hallo, Ashes ! " as he passed. Fletcher called out :

" Bob, come here. I want you."

" Aye ? Oh, all right. What's up ? " Bob walked over to the manager's bach, wondering if Fletcher was going to say something about the thieving at last. He followed him indoors uneasily. He hated lying.

" Sit down, Bob. I've got bad news for you."

Concern leapt into the husband's face. " The Missis ! " he cried. " She's ill ! " and made for the door.

" No, she's all right. Sit down, I tell you. I've bad news for you."

" Then it's the baby ! Why don't you say straight out ? I'm not a kid."

" Yes, it's the baby. But it's not ill, Bob." Salgast looked blank. He sat down.

" Not ill ! Then what the hell's the matter with it ? " Fletcher's eyes closed for a moment, tightly, and his thin line of mouth quivered. Then he said stonily :

" There's something very much the matter with it. It's not yours, Bob. It's a—a Maori baby." He closed his eyes again, this time to hide sight of the agony of that awful realisation.

Five minutes passed. Fletcher had felt impelled to turn his back. It seemed shameful to be there. There were times when a man had a right to be alone. After five minutes he said, without looking up :

" Shall I wait outside for a while, Bob ? " Salgast's face, covered with the white dust of the battery, had grown so dark it seemed to be veiled in crepe. Five minutes—and there were smudges beneath his eyes, the blue of which now seemed to be black. He shook his head ; looked up and said hoarsely :

" So there's been a—Maori around."

" Yes." Fletcher met his eyes squarely and held them. He would steady the other with his strength. He would stop the dreadful trembling of that big body. He marvelled that those two or three words of his had wrecked a world. But suddenly Salgast leapt up, veritably leapt, and shot his two hands out at arm's length. They were great hands and as he knotted them Fletcher shivered.

" A Maori, Ashes, aye ? Well, that makes it easy, Ashes, doesn't it ? A Maori. That makes it easy. I'll get him ! I'll

get him in his dirt and pitch him over the cliff! Yes, and his bastard with him!" He whirled to the door but Fletcher was upon him before he reached it; upon him and holding him with his superior strength.

"What are you going to do, Bob?"

"Get him! Let me go, Ashes! Let me go, or I'll—I'll—— Ashes, I've got to kill him! You can see that!"

"Kill who?" Fletcher's arms tightened round him.

"Kill who! Why, are you mad? Isn't there only one—— Maori in the place?" He wrenched at the arms that encircled him.

"Listen, Bob!" Fletcher abandoned his hesitating speech and rapped the words out. "Listen to me! You think it's Tane Wetane, but it mightn't be him at all. You can't tell. There might be plenty of Maori blood in the place. It gets lost for a generation and then crops out again. You'd know that if you had lived in Rotorua. I say that dark blood crops up——"

"Aw, cut it, Ashes!" But Salgast ceased to struggle and returned to his chair. For a moment only. He sprang up again and moved about jerkily. "You can't put that over me! There is a Maori here, see! Your fancy theories would be all right if there wasn't, but there is. And that Maori has been a friend of my wife's! Hasn't he? And a friend of mine, too, Holy Christ! A friend of mine! Why, I've done his gold regular for him!" Salgast laughed horribly. Neither noticed the naked disclosure of theft to the mine manager. "I've done his gold and he's done me for my Missis. But I'll get him! And don't you try to stop me either!" He brought his fist back and menaced his friend. But Fletcher stood before the door.

"I will stop you and that's flat. Even if Tane is the man—What good will it do you to murder him? Think of your wife, man! Damn it! Think of the life in this rotten hole for a woman! The temptation! Suppose you're away at your business night after night, night after night, your wife alone in the hut. She gets hysterical—you know she gets hysterical at times with the loneliness—and then Tane—or any other man, comes along. Why, it was bound to happen! Would you kill a man for that? And get hanged yourself? You would kill your wife too." The other's lip curled.

"Some wives ought to be killed," he sneered.

"Yes, by God! And some husbands too! The kind of man that leaves his wife alone night after night in a place like this with ordinary men around her! You won't kill Tane, Bob. He's a good fellow, too. And your wife's not in a condition to be worried. She's been in a fever to-day."

"Oh, has she? And oughtn't she to be? Look here, Ashes, you're doing your best, but you can't stop me here! Why, haven't I got to do something, man? You can see that? Am I to go home and nurse his baby? And—and—— Oh, those lovely black eyes, that hair like his mother's!" He tried to throw Fletcher aside.

They wrestled, at first, then fought outright. Salgast cursed frightfully, but the other held his breath and vanquished him. He got him down on the floor and knelt on him. Both were blown. They glared at each other, breathing hard. Then Salgast said grimly:

"You've beaten me now, Ashes, but you can't beat me for ever. You think I'll get over it, don't you? But this is not a thing a man gets over, Ashes. It gets worse and worse the longer he thinks about it. See?"

"Well, that may be. I don't know, but it won't do you any harm to think it over for a night. I only ask you to think it over for a night, Bob. Promise me to do nothing till the morning. Just stay here. I'll go over and tell your wife—and—and see if she's got anything to say, Bob. It's only fair to see if she's got anything to say."

"The night would be hell."

"Would it be any the less hell with murder on your soul?"

"Yes! I'd have satisfaction!" He ground his teeth, audibly. "It's a Maori, Ashes! A bloody Maori! If it were only a white man! But I'll promise. It makes no difference. I'll promise to wait till morning."

Fletcher got up and went out of the bach without another word; out and over to the shack. The nurse was in the living-room preparing tea, very nervous. She jumped with fright when he stepped through the open door, and a suppressed cry came from the bedroom. He did not notice the nurse, just walked straight through into the bedroom, but that lady dropped her frying-pan and followed him indignantly. Mrs. Salgast was crouching under the bedclothes.

"Mrs. Salgast!" Fletcher called sharply, in a rasping voice that startled the nurse. The sick woman threw the clothes back swiftly and sat up.

"You!" she cried. "Where's Bob?"

Fletcher clutched at the bed-post.

"He's over in my bach. He's taking it pretty badly. He thinks it's Tane Wetane——"

"What! What! Tane Wetane! The Maori! And me! Oh!" She screamed out the words and a queer shudder ran over the man at her tone. Then she got suddenly quiet and with her head down between her shoulders regarded him with menacing suspicion.

"Do YOU think it was Tane Wetane?" she asked. A flush crept over his fair skin and vanished in the thick mass of his flaxen hair.

"No-o," he answered hesitatingly. "No-o." Then he pulled himself together sharply. "But I came to ask—I came to ask, Mrs. Salgast, if you want to—keep Bob. Do you want to go on with Bob?" He glanced uneasily at the nurse who listened obstinately.

"Do I want him?" the wife echoed slowly. "Do I want Bob? Well, I should say yes. Why, of course I want him!" Her tone took on vigour, vehemence. "He's my husband, isn't he? Want him! He's the only thing on earth I want! Do you hear, Ashes? I don't want the baby! Anyone can have the baby! YOU—YOU can have the baby, Ashes! If you like——" She laughed hysterically and the man fell back to the door, staring at her. She half rose from her bed, her eyes glittering feverishly, as though she would follow him. "Would you like the baby, Ashes?" But he had gone through the door, backwards. She raised her voice. "Yes, I want Bob, Ashes! Keep him for me! You'd better keep him for me, Ashes! Ashes!!!" But he was running back to his bach, as the nurse saw when she followed him to the door. The latter shrugged, muttered: "And Tane Wetane it is, to be sure. Who else?" then she finished preparing the tea and carried some into the bedroom.

"That was a funny way to talk to Mr. Fletcher," she said to her patient. "What did you call him back for?"

"Oh, I just thought he might be able to explain the baby," was the weary answer. "He's very clever, you know."

The nurse grunted out:

"Why can't you be honest about it? You'll cause more trouble, being silly."

Neither man in the back thought of tea. Bob washed himself in a kerosene tin, keeping an eye on his friend all the time. It had occurred to him that Fletcher would warn Tane Wetane to leave the place before morning. So when Fletcher did mention that he had some business to attend to over at the depot, actually with that very intention in mind, Salgast said significantly:

"No funny business, Ashes. Where you go, I go—to-night."

He was quiet now, outwardly, but the storm that was raging within him was manifest in a hundred ways. In his trembling hands, which clenched themselves continually and unconsciously; in his twitching limbs which craved action; but mostly in that peculiar darkening of the face. The itch to kill sprawled all over him and as night deepened Fletcher was dismayed to see his distress becoming more acute. But he lay down quietly enough at dark time; there was nothing else to do. He even picked up an old magazine and turned the leaves, seeming to read. Fletcher did the same on his bunk. Neither had undressed. But by and by Bob pitched the book into a corner, swore a fearful oath and sprang on to the floor.

"Ashes!" he cried, raising his knotted, shaking hands above his head. "Ashes! Promises are nothing at times like this! I'm in hell, man! I'll know the truth! I must know the truth!"

He bolted through the door into the dark, just missing Fletcher's grab at him.

The two raced through the darkness, which was profound, there being no moon. The track to Tane Wetane's hut was well worn, but still it was rough with the scattery quartz and they held their arms out like wings to steady themselves. They looked unhuman, like two great birds scurrying over the top of the Ridge in the dark, over the top of the mountain which the bluey-black covers of night seemed to join on to the sky. Bob reached the hut first and shot through the open door as though propelled from a catapult.

Tane Wetane was having some supper, some sardines out of a tin. He was seated by his home-made table, a cup of coffee beside him, the tin in one hand and a fork in the other, upon which was skewered a sardine en route to his mouth. He was a personable Maori with all of his share of the naiveté of his

race. His jaw dropped low, his fork remained poised, his black eyes popped out in amaze at Salgast's wild intrusion. And when Fletcher rushed in and grappled with Bob on the floor of his hut, Tane Wetane gasped.

"Leave me alone, Ashes!" yelled Bob in the midst of his curses. "I won't kill him! I only want the truth! The truth, Ashes! The truth!" So Fletcher rolled away and got up. So did Bob.

The Maori got up, too, and with the dignity of a well-bred child looked the two over.

"What's the matter, Bob? What's the matter, Fletcher? This is my hut. I don't like fights in my hut."

Bob glared at him, choking with his lack of breath and feeling. Tane frowned and shifted his gaze from him to Fletcher, who said, with the return of a trace of his hesitating manner noticeable in the midst of his agitation:

"It's like this, Tane—— Shut up, Bob!—— It's like this. Mrs. Salgast has had a baby and it's a—a Maori baby. See?" Tane looked puzzled.

"Mrs. Salgast has had a Maori baby! Well——" Then Tane suddenly grinned. More, he slapped his thigh and laughed outright, doubled up in merriment, indeed. "A Maori baby! I see! Haw, haw, haw! Bob!" He lifted a hand and pointed a long slim finger at Bob, obviously jeering. "Bob, he doesn't like Maoris. I've heard him say so. And now he's got a Maori baby! Haw, haw, haw!"

Fletcher and Salgast had been paralysed with astonishment at this reception, but now the husband recovered himself. Mad rage and hatred swept over him; he emitted a roar, a roar of savage fury and leapt at Wetane, who went down before the impact like a log, striking his head on the table corner as he did so. And Tane's table was pretty rough.

"Bob!" screamed Fletcher, snatching at the arm Salgast had raised to punch the brown face. "Bob! He's all in! He struck his head! Get up!"

"Aye?" Bob staggered back and dropped on Wetane's bunk. "Is he hurt?" He wiped his hand across his brow, then added: "I hope the bastard's dead."

But Tane was not dead. He soon came to and sat up. Fletcher said:

"Get up, Tane, old man. I'm sorry for this. Bob's a bit

mad. He thinks you fathered his wife's child." Tane felt his head and replied :

"Safer here, I think." Then he looked up at Bob and grinned again, weakly. He must have had an acute sense of humour "Me, aye? No such bloody luck, by golly. You fathered your child yourself. You're Maori too, Bob. Your father was quarter-caste Maori. I know. My mother told me. Everyone knows round the pah. You think you're English, but your people only adopted you—a little baby. Your father, a married man, got a white girl into trouble. You're my cousin, Bob. Your father's my mother's brother. My mother married full blood Maori." A long silence, during which Tane rubbed his head and laughed to himself. "A good one," he muttered. "A good one on Bob."

Fletcher and Salgast were both looking dazed. Then Bob said in a queer small voice :

"I don't believe a word of it. Why didn't he tell us before, Ashes? I don't believe a word of it."

"Tell you before, aye? Why, I went to school with you, Bob. You forgot. I didn't. Remember you said you couldn't tell one Maori from another? You don't like the Maoris, Bob. You think you the fine bloody English. New Zealand—they don't mind Maoris"—Wetane waved an arm. "I come here and one day thought I'd tell you, but I find you don't like Maoris; I heard you call them bloody niggers, so I shut up. See?"

Fletcher started to laugh. Bob smiled too, in a sickly feeble way. Then he got up and walked uncertainly out of the hut. Fletcher followed him, still laughing. Bob sat down on a bank outside, thrust his hands into his curly golden mop and asked gingerly :

"Do you think it's true, Ashes? Can it be true?"

"Well, you can easily find out. Write to your mother, the mother you know. But it's true, Bob. It's true, all right. My God! What a relief!" Fletcher sat down beside his friend who did not notice the extraordinary fervour of his last words. They sat quietly for a time, engrossed in their thoughts, and then Bob turned suddenly and slapped his hand on his friend's knee. He had recovered himself completely; his voice was jubilant, boisterously jovial.

"Ashes, old man! It's true! I know it's true! I'm damned if I can't feel it in my bones. Remember you told me

the strain cropped up ? ” But here a dubious note crept into his voice, then anxiety. He jumped up. “ But the Missis, Ashes ! My poor old girl ! Think of her position ! What must she be thinking ? Ashes, old man, will she forgive me, do you think ? ” Fletcher rose briskly.

“ Yes, she’ll forgive. They always do. But you had better let me go on ahead and tell her. And the nurse. She’s had a rough time, Bob. You’ll have to make it up to her. Let me prepare her.”

“ Good old Ashes ! Get along, but hurry. I can’t get there quick enough.”

Fletcher hurried. When he got to the stretch of level ground near the shack he ran. He seemed so buoyant his feet hardly touched the ground.

The nurse was beside the bed washing the baby before putting it in beside the mother for the night.

Mrs. Salgast lay watching it despairingly ; tears were smeared all over her face.

Fletcher literally burst in. His usually granite face was aglow ; his hair was all rumpled ; his coat was ripped in several places, ruined in the fight. He ignored the nurse—or did not see her. He was at the bedside in a stride, almost, leaning down to the face of the mother.

“ Annie ! Annie ! The baby is Bob’s after all ! Tane Wetane told him that he has Maori blood in his veins. His English parents only adopted him. You’re all right, Annie ! Bob’s the father ! ” Then his lips closed on the woman’s. A long time they kissed, her arms thrown round his neck, then she thrust him back and murmured rapturously :

“ Oh, Ashes, I thought it was you.”

LOUIS GOLDING.

LUIGI OF CATANZARO.

WHEN the news came through from the Vatican last summer that the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro was not, after all, going to be canonized, the disappointment was acute not only in Catanzaro, whither the miracles performed in his name had drawn a countless succession of pilgrims for centuries, but generally throughout the province of Calabria and the whole of Southern Italy. "*Il nostro mezzogiorno dimenticato!*" was the bitter complaint of cleric and layman alike. "Another instance of North Italian contempt for our wretched forgotten South!" But in point of fact, the faithful everywhere in the peninsula were chagrined at the news, and it was received with displeasure in Catholic communities so remote as Andalusia and Bohemia. In Bavaria they said that the Jews were at the bottom of it. It was, of course, a purely automatic reaction on the part of the Bavarian gentleman who promulgated the idea. Did it rain? The Jews were at the bottom of it. Dit it not rain? The Jews were at the bottom of it. And yet monstrously, marvellously, the fellow had divined the truth this time, though he is still ignorant of the amazing felicity of his imputation. The Jews *were* at the bottom of it, though not strictly in the sense he implied. That is my story—and Cardinal Bambara's.

You see, not only was there no reason in the world why Luigi should not be canonized; there was, on the contrary, every reason in the world why he should. There were no records of his birth and early upbringing in Calabria, an absence which lent considerable colour to the fearful local conviction that there was something supernatural about his birth. Suckled by a goat in the fastnesses of Aspromonte, the tradition continued, he lived a life of complete isolation among those monstrous caves and forests till his thirtieth year, meditating the doctrine of the Trinity. Then, in recognition of his peculiar merit, Christ himself appeared at the opening of the cave and bade him pick up his oaken staff and his pelt of wolf-skins and make his way to the seashore, even to Catanzaro; for the plague was raging

there at the time, and the priests for leagues around the city were either dead in the administration of the holy offices, or had fled the neighbourhood. Luigi made his appearance a decade or two before the end of the fifteenth century; the precise date cannot now be ascertained. But whereas all his history before this time is wrapped in darkness, the whole of his subsequent career, or much of it, is illuminated by a body of consistent tradition, a wealth of references in local ecclesiastical history and a number of documents solemnly attested by high religious and civil officials both immediately after his death and on a large number of occasions subsequently. In a word, there cannot often have been a more complete *dossier* presented to the *Sacra Congregazione dei Riti*, the Council of Cardinals, prelates and secretaries in the Vatican, whose sole and especial duty it is to deliberate upon beatifications and canonizations, and to present their judgment, if favourable, to the final ratification of the Holy Father.

Everything was in order. Of the sanctity of his life there was no question. All that part of the business had been decided at the time of his beatification. He had performed numerous miracles succinctly described by eye-witnesses who came to quibble and remained to take the vows as speedily as it could be managed. The plague fell back in rout before him. He healed leprosy, scrofula, and all maladies of the digestive organs. He raised a little girl from the dead, and at the earnest solicitation of her pious uncle, who could not bear to see her spotless soul exposed to the iniquities of Catanzaro and the temptations of her own wealth (which he had himself inherited and had determined to devote to the foundation of a monastery), Luigi consigned her to the grave again. When he died, his body (I need hardly insist) took the elementary precaution of smelling odorous as a rose-garden for so many days after his demise as he was left unburied, to strengthen the faithful and confute the sceptic.

His posthumous miracles were at least as noteworthy. The major part of his relics were preserved with the greatest solemnity in the church of San Stefano, pending such time as his own canonization made it possible to house them in a church devoted to his own sanctity. But several of his toes, one or two of his finger-joints and an eyeball managed to find their way into other cities, and their potency was everywhere remarkable. Even shreds of his garments were discovered to be more efficacious

than many a thigh-bone abstracted from the skeletons of holy men more egregiously advertised than Luigi. The introduction of his sternum into the threshold of a burning house had on several well-authenticated occasions imposed a summary check upon the damage. The bountiful fertility of several successive harvests was achieved by a hebdomadal procession that carried Luigi's cranium with pomp and incense round the fields ; and although temporary embarrassment was caused when the same relic was introduced into the chamber of a woman in labour (for she incontinently gave birth to three children and never afterwards could be induced to think kindly of the departed saint), no graver crime could be imputed to Luigi's remains than excess of zeal.

But more than this is required, and rightly, to convince the *Sacra Congregazione* that a given saint is worthy of those ultimate honours they have in their keeping. Not only must a saint's carnal residue be potent upon earth ; his spiritual essence must be potent in heaven. Succinct and laborious proof must be given that his intercession before the Celestial Seat has almost invariably insured the efficacy of human prayer. (Invariable success is not exacted, for it is obvious that even the most pious cannot upon occasion forbear making demands of an excessive or indiscreet nature.) The *Sacra Congregazione* had bounteously established the exceptional potency of the Blessed Luigi's intercession. He had interceded on behalf of a Benedictine abbot who had prayed in Luigi's name for a winning number in the State lottery, in order that he might add a new wing to his monastery. A gentleman from Cotrone had prayed for the unostentatious removal of his first wife, a barren and unprepossessing lady, that he might found with the assistance of his housekeeper, a charming creature from Piacenza, a numerous and legitimate family to the undying honour of Holy Church. The first wife had slipped on a piece of pomegranate peel and broken her neck. Need I multiply these instances ? It remains for me to add one fact, and not the least important. It seems likely that the increase of Luigi's status from Beatific to Saint might have been achieved a century ago, if nothing more than the merits of the case had been consulted. But it must be realised that sacred processes at the Vatican cost money. Cardinals must live. So must sub-sub-secretaries. And on the day of canonization St. Peter's must be decorated with such

splendour that several dukes' ransoms would hardly cover the expenses. Calabria is a poor country.

The financial difficulties in the way of Luigi's promotion had at last, by the grace of God, been overcome. The obols of the peasantry had accumulated for centuries, and had made no great show. But a carter's hunchback son from a back street in Catanzaro emigrated to the States and made a colossal fortune out of tinned tomatoes. He attributed the whole of his success to Luigi, who had presided over every stage of his career, and had advised him so shrewdly on Wall Street that he soon had the tinned-tomato world at his feet. He left his fortune without reserve to the cause of promoting Luigi's canonization. No stone was left unturned at the Vatican by his executors. The *Sacra Congregazione* felt more acutely than ever before the beauty and sanctity of Luigi's life. There was not a dissident voice in the council; so overwhelming was their enthusiasm that it was impossible to doubt the issue. They presented the Holy Father with as energetic a recommendation of Luigi's claim as ever passed from the lips and pens of that august body. The matter was not in doubt. For it was well remembered that while still a cardinal, the Holy Father had discussed, upon a certain occasion with certain friends from Calabria the title of Luigi and expressed himself whole-heartedly in its favour.

Then the bomb burst. At the very last moment, it seemed, some overwhelming impulse had taken possession of the Father of Christendom. Lugubriously among the mountains of Calabria rumbled the papal "No!" There were tears, there were, I grieve to report, maledictions even. The news, as I have said, was received with displeasure in Catholic communities so remote as Andalusia and Bohemia. As for Bavaria, "The Jews," said they. "The Jews were at the bottom of it!"

They were.

I received the information I am about to convey from Cardinal Bambara himself, the young gentleman whose meteoric career at the Vatican brings our minds back at once to the glorious days of the Renaissance, when exalted office in the Church was awarded not so much for intrinsic virtue (though this sometimes was not overlooked) as for good manners, an elegant appearance or high social distinction. Students of the English peerage will at once recognise below the red hat of Cardinal Bambara the coronet of Lord Laxingworthy. Nor will they have forgotten what

august partners were suggested for his hand, in the days when he was one of the first Protestant peers of the United Kingdom. Then one morning the polite world was amazed to learn that young Laxingworthy and his millions had converted to the Church of Rome, and that he was already on his way to undertake intimate personal service in the household of His Holiness.

If I may be permitted to say so, I foresaw it all along. I mean Laxingworthy's conversion to the Apostolic and Undivided Church. Ten years ago, he had taken a flattering interest in me during my first, and his own last, term at Oxford ; an interest which, I am proud to record, he has never remitted, though our paths have led us into such opposed countries of mind and spirit. He wore ink black shirts and collars in those days and burned black candles before an altar dedicated to Beelzebub. He was your complete undergraduate diabolist, and kept a goat in a suburban garden for the eventual purpose of sacrificing it at a great culminant Black Mass. He took it all with an engaging seriousness which would have touched the heart of any but the most implacable enemy of Beelzebub. I was perhaps his only friend who knew that a vision—for he is subject to visions and visitations—had won him over to Black Magic ; and I am certain he told none but me how another vision had turned his wandering spirit in the direction of Scottish Presbyterianism. That was but a short chapter in his soul's pilgrimage, for he disliked whisky, and Glasgow he could not for a moment tolerate. Rome succeeded Glasgow by way of Boston, Mass., and Hyderabad, and a vision in each case had vouchsafed him the region whither he must next turn his heart. There was evidently a quality of climax in the vision which sent him ecstatic into the bosom of Rome, and thereafter it seemed that Providence needed no longer to visit him with this clairvoyance and clairauidience. His soul had attained harbour after perilous seas. It was destined that the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro should slip his soul from its moorings and send it, tiny and attentive, into vaster oceans than Lord Laxingworthy had ever traversed before.

It was that solemn moment before His Holiness pronounced his decision. In a dot of time which was spacious as all time, Cardinal Bambara, standing in Heaven among the saints of God, saw, heard, understood. Whereas a decision favourable to Luigi was so much a foregone conclusion among his brethren in the *Sacra Congregazione* that, before His Holiness had actually

given utterance to the fateful monosyllable, they were turning towards each other in easy and affable conversation, Bambara alone heard the austere negation volleying down from the empyrean ; Bambara alone saw it perch like a bird on the Pope's lips ; Bambara alone understood how none was more astonished at his own utterance in all that assembly than His Holiness himself.

* * *

Here is the tale that Cardinal Bambara told me. I cannot but feel that Andalusia and Bohemia will receive no little pleasure from hearing the true story of the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro, why he was not canonized. As for Bavaria—Bavaria may do as it pleases.

There has always, I confess it (said the young cardinal to me), been an element of the melodramatic in my previous visions—noises of instruments, unrolling of vapours, swoonings, awakenings. But you cannot conceive how effortlessly upon this occasion I slid from this state of lesser consciousness to that other awareness, from flesh to spirit. At one moment I was sitting at the great table in the council-chamber in the Vatican, stretching my legs. At the next . . . perhaps I ought to admit that I may have nodded a moment. You see, old Cardinal Pasqualini had just concluded his long and virtuous dissertation upon the nature of Intercession—a little academic, some of us thought. He had started the discourse the previous forenoon, and it was felt that he had some time ago exhausted the relevance of his theme to the subject in hand, Luigi's canonization. There is no doubt that even Cardinal Cervone, the *postulator* of the case, had fallen asleep. I may have nodded a moment or I may not. At all events it was without any sensation of surprise that I opened my eyes to find myself in a magnificent institution of which I can only convey an idea to you if I say it resembled the Athenæum in Piccadilly. Infinitely more spacious, of course, but much more like any of the better London clubs than the somewhat crude conception of Dionysius the Areopagite and Dante, or that regrettable heresiarch, John Milton.

What is that ? Where *was* I ? My dear fellow, I was in Heaven ! Didn't you gather that ? I hoped not to have to underline the points of my story. In Heaven, precisely ! The House of Commons has been stated to be the most comfortable club in the world. It can't compare with Heaven, I assure

you—not that the Vatican itself cannot give the House of Commons a point or two. You never saw such roomy arm-chairs. Pleasant little inlaid coffee-tables dotted the thick-pile carpet and jolly rugs lay about everywhere. There was a litter of the world's periodicals up and down the place. My eye casually fell upon the *Pester Lloyd*, the *Giornale di Palermo*, and the *Buffalo Saturday Night*; St. Appollonia—you remember, the poor girl who had all her teeth extracted in Alexandria—St. Appollonia was deeply immersed in the advertisement columns of the *Dental Surgeons' Gazette*. St. Christopher, who can't read, was pouring over the pictures in *La Vie Sportive*. He came from Canaan, you know, where they were never strong on popular education. That was the point. Not even at that first moment was I not aware I was in Heaven, surrounded by the company of the saints. God the Father was sitting in a sort of window-seat behind a dais at the other end of the hall. He tends more and more to keep himself to himself, I gathered. Perhaps, to put it more accurately, he's not quite so interested in the planet Earth and the solar system generally as he once was. There were lots of saints I caught sight of and recognised. Christ himself I didn't see till rather late in the proceedings. Beside him most of the others looked rather garish. He was the only martyr who didn't drag about with him the symbol of his martyrdom. The rest would simply not be separated from their racks, pincers, boilers, and so on. Take poor old St. Lawrence, for instance. He had the grid over which he was roasted tied to his belt. Of course, it dragged after him wherever he went and made a frightful mess of the carpet. St. Barbara's tower also was just a little cumbrous, and St. Bartholomew carrying his own flayed skin did not seem in the very best taste.

They were all surprisingly like their painted and sculptured images in the Uffizi and the Prado, and elsewhere. I mean how could a fellow possibly mistake where he was and who these people were? Talk about nature imitating art. Here was St. Sebastian trying so desperately to look like Sodoma's picture of him in the Accademia, that he had positively succeeded by now. It had meant rather more readjustment in some cases than others, and St. George, for instance, must have found it a distinct strain to adapt his swarthy Cappadocian features to the pretty and gallant rendering of him by Carpaccio in Venice. You know the one I mean, a series rather, in the School of the Schiavoni?

I got the impression that one or two saints had never quite made up their minds whose rendering, as between two particularly beautiful ones, they were going to adopt. St. Luke, for instance. Was it to be Van Dyck or Raphael? It had resulted in a curious lack of definition in the evangelist's features which made him hard to recognise at first. The Holy Ghost? Yes, the Holy Ghost was busy flying round and about the place. The noise of his cooing was the only noise I heard on my entrance. He was perched on the crozier that belongs to Nicholas, Bishop and Saint.

Something was engaging the mind of St. Appollonia and St. Christopher, despite all their show of being immersed in the *Dental Surgeons' Gazette* and *La Vie Sportive*. And St. Zeno, St. Florian, St. Roch, St. Jerome (whose lion was behaving disgracefully), St. Panteleon, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Chad, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. James the Less. You know how sensitive I am to atmospheres. I scented it almost at once. All was not well in Heaven. There was friction somewhere and pretty serious friction.

No, you couldn't possibly guess. The Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro! Surprised? A mere beatific and there are so many thousands upon thousands of them? No mere beatific could have caused such a state of tension among the ranks of the saints in Heaven? Ah, my dear fellow, hold on a moment.

Of course I wasn't told so all at once. Nobody came rushing up to me to enlighten me. Everybody was feeling too raw to take any notice of a little snippety cardinal. I mightn't have existed for all they cared. As I say, I just sensed this distressing atmosphere of strain and trouble. Just the Holy Ghost cooing from St. Nicholas's crozier and a few saints here and there turning over the newspaper with just a little more abruptness—it seems in retrospect—than was strictly necessary. In a sort of special ladies' alcove, several female saints were knitting socks, the usual crowd—St. Agnes, St. Ursula, St. Lucy, and those people. Then of a sudden the air snapped. You never heard anything like it. The whole club was in an uproar and I sidled up as unostentatiously as I could. What was it all about? It was difficult to gather anything straight off, because they talked in the Latin of the Vulgate with a rather perplexing local accent. To intensify the confusion they made the most frantic noise with their saintly symbols. Palms whistled, books slapped,



HEAD STUDY.
B. MENINSKY.

swords clattered, St. Cecilia made her organ screech with temper to drown the noise of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins. (St. Ursula never moved a step without them.)

And then I disengaged and pieced together the words : Catanzaro, Luigi of Catanzaro, the canonization of the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro—yes, no, yes, no yes, no, yes, no !

And gradually the whole business became clear to me. The matter which was so urgently preoccupying the saints of heaven was precisely the matter which the *Sacra Congregazione* had been debating on earth. From several indications I realised that until quite recently everything had all been plain sailing in the particular issue of Luigi. But what was more important, in the general issue of canonization, one thing became increasingly evident to me : that the Council of the Vatican, so far from deciding these questions off its own bat, so to speak, acts in precise and unconscious correspondence with the decisions arrived at by the congress of saints in Heaven. So that, in point of fact, no beatific is despatched into their assembly without having been carefully examined and passed by them in advance. Beatifications are conducted without their saintly interference, as being of less moment.

And, after all, is not some such thing to be expected ? Does any decent club in New York or London admit a new member without the closest scrutiny ? Is it not quite reasonable that the saints should require to know whether a projected member is quite the sort of person they care to know ?

Luigi of Catanzaro, at all events, had seemed unimpeachable. All his miracles had been in the best taste, and none of them was so preposterously successful as to win over a serious number of their adherents from the established favourites. Expelling the plague, raising the dead, quickening the womb of the barren or the loins of the impotent—they were all miracles after the best models. The whole business was going through as complacently in Heaven as it was down in the Vatican.

Then some nasty anonymous little angel appeared on the scene and upset everything. The archangels, seraphim, prince-doms and the winged powers generally have a club all to themselves. They don't like the architecture of the saints' institution and it cramps their freedom of movement. But the rank-and-file angels are not particularly welcome anywhere. Always carrying tales of what the archangels said about the saints and the saints

about the archangels, and telling tales about both to God the Father. They brought about a dreadful coolness, apparently, between St. Anthony of Padua and the Archangel Michael. It lasted about four hundred years, till Christ got them to shake hands during the festivities that took place on the acceptance of Joan of Arc into the club. Yes, these angels would have been trodden on ages ago if God the Father hadn't a very soft spot in his heart for them.

Everything was going brilliantly, as I've said, for Luigi. When in rushed one of these offensive young creatures.

"News about Luigi," he cried. "News about Luigi of Catanzaro!"

Everybody crowded round. They didn't like to encourage the fellow, but they all liked Luigi genuinely, so much as they knew of him, and they were interested.

"What's it all about, my fine fellow?" rumbled St. Christopher.

"Yes, indeed?" inquired Saints Cosmo and Damain, in their educated medical voices.

"I've found out who he was!" said the angel.

"But we all know who he was!" said St. Paul, stroking his silky beard. "We've known for five centuries!"

"Yes, but does any of you know who his father was, and where he was born?"

"It never occurred to us to ask!" said St. Genurro severely.

"Who was he anyhow?" somebody else interrupted, not very curiously. The sooner the young fellow delivered his titbit and made off, the better.

"Yes, who was he?" added another voice—a Jesuit saint it was, one gathered from the clipped cultured syllables. After all it would do no harm to find out just who Luigi and his people were. One had to live at close quarters with one's fellow-members and it did no harm to know these things in advance. Quite a number of people suddenly recalled the mists of obscurity which shrouded the birth of Luigi.

"Yes, who was he?"

The little fellow paused, his eyes sparkling with a malicious triumph. He looked round upon the serried masses of saints, breathless one and all. A strange unease had communicated itself to them.

"Who was Luigi of Catanzaro? Who was he? And you

were just going to let them canonize him? You were just discussing the details of the *fiesta* you were going to organise in his honour when he made his appearance. Weren't you?"

And they had been.

They were really going to let themselves go. St. Luke had volunteered to paint a magnificent fresco on a triumphal arch to be erected outside the entrance-hall by St. Thomas, patron of architects. Luigi was to approach the arch under a gable of crossed palms and St. Ursula's virgins (room had always to be found for St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins) were to pelt him with special spineless roses provided by St. Francis of Assisi. During the course of the afternoon the principal martyrs had agreed to give their celebrated show, which they performed only on very special occasions. For they enfilded before the eyes of the assembled, and highly appreciative, company, subjecting themselves to those same tortures which had won them undying glory. St. Catherine getting herself decapitated and St. Lawrence being slowly roasted were always exceptionally successful items.

In the evening the Initiation Proper was to take place. Would, in fact, take place. Why should it not?

Then clear and shrill the angel piped across Heaven:

"Luigi of Catanzaro? A common Jew, that's what he was. A Jewish refugee from Saragossa. His father was a low-born little rabbi burned at the stake by the Holy Inquisition. Now you know!"

A cry of dismay resounded across the club.

"A Jew!"

"A Jewish refugee!"

"A common Jew!"

"Prove it!" exclaimed St. Thomas Aquinas peremptorily.

"Prove it?" shrilled the angel. "That won't take me long!" He fumbled about under his left wing and produced a sheaf of papers bound up in blue ribbon. He thrust them under the nose of St. Thomas Aquinas.

"Everything in order?" he inquired offensively.

St. Thomas impassively examined the documents. His father's and mother's marriage lines, his own birth-certificate, a final notice from the Inquisition authorities that unless Rabbi Nahum (that was the name of Luigi's father) recanted by the second Lord's day from this day, such and such tortures should be imposed, and should these not be successful in winning him

from the stubborn abomination, he, and his wife, and his son Aryeh (which is Hebrew equivalent of Luigi), should be burned at the stake *ad maiorem Dei gloriam in saecula saeculorum*. How Aryeh had escaped was in these papers made plain, how he had spent the first thirty years of his life as a carpenter, who had converted him to the Faith. . . .

St. Thomas Aquinas turned round to the assembled saints.

"Everything," said he, thin-lipped, "everything is in order! Luigi of Catanzaro was by birth and race a Jew, by early profession a carpenter. His father was a Jewish rabbi burned at the stake for his contumacy. His own subsequent history you are yourselves acquainted with!"

"At all events," said St. Anthony of Padua, "they've beatified him. That can't be undone!"

"So long," said St. Francis Xavier, "as this idea of canonization is dropped. A Jew, that is to say, a Jew!"

"A Jew! A Jew!" The whisper rippled like quickening rivulets.

Boomed like a cataract the voice of the giant from Canaan, colossal Christopher:

"And what's that got to do with it? Canonized he was going to be, and canonized he will be! Jew or no Jew, Turk or Brahmin, you all know the life he lived, the miracles he performed, or don't you? Have you forgotten? A better man than three or four I could mention here. Let there be no nonsense about it, say I! Oo-oo!" He brought his club down on the floor with a terrific impact.

"A Jew!" said St. Peter crossly. "Out of the question, completely out of the question!"

All the apostles echoed his words. "A Jew! O completely out of the question!"

Then a voice chimed like a low, sweet bell. It was St. Francis of Assisi.

"Comrades, comrades. Is it indeed you that speak with so little charity? These are not your voices. Shall not a saint in all ways so lovable, so worthy of our own most lovely sisters and brothers, shall he not be accepted among us with singing, with praises unto the Lord? Comrades, let us continue the discussion of our plans, who shall be deputed to meet him, who to conduct him, who to present him to the Eternal One. The hour grows late. . . ."

"Our younger brothers," said St. Paul to St. Peter, "must not allow themselves to be misled by sentiment. In an issue of a purely philosophical nature . . ."

"Philosophy or no philosophy," interrupted St. Denis, "he's a common Jew, and that settles it."

"Indeed it does!" said St. Ursula primly.

"Indeed it does!" twittered all her eleven thousand virgins.

"Nothing of the sort!" rapped out St. Cecilia.

The dispute became fast and furious. Then it got worse. It became polite and awkward. Then it subsided into a pained silence. That, as you may by now have forgotten, was the moment of my own appearance.

And then it started again. They threshed it out all over from the beginning, twice, three times, four times. That is how I've been able to reconstruct for my own benefit and yours the story up to the point. Of what happened subsequently I was myself a direct witness.

The argument might have gone on indefinitely and His Holiness might even at this moment have been racking his wits to decide the matter one way or the other, had not the idea occurred to St. Bernard of Clairvaux that the only thing to do under the circumstances was to vote on it. You see the situation was unprecedented. In the past the general feeling against or for a particular candidate had been promptly recognizable and speedily acted on, for although the assembly themselves took no part in the process of beatification, it gave them the opportunity of learning all they needed regarding a potential member. They had taken only the most languid interest in the two statutory miracles demanded from Luigi between the times of his beatification and canonization, for his earlier performances had been so numerous and so convincing that his two new miracles had been felt to be more or less perfunctory. It was true that in earlier ages, most especially in the time of the martyrs, the net had been so large that any number of questionable fish had slipped through. What was done could not be undone and they'd all shaken down very comfortably together. But ever since Urban the Eighth in the seventeenth century had defined the whole business by those two laborious decrees of his, everything had been plain sailing. One thing was certain. This Jew question had never arisen before.

"Vote on it!" said St. Bernard of Clairvaux brilliantly.

"Vote on it!" caught up a hundred voices with delight. How is it nobody had thought of it before? Really they had all hated upsetting the jolly friendly atmosphere of the club. You might have thought it a pack of angels squabbling, the way everybody had been carrying on.

St. Bernard took the count.

It was distressing. It was dreadfully distressing. The voting was absolutely equal. Such consternation on the faces of St. Peter of Castlenau, St. Gregory, St. Clara, St. Zenobio, St. Romualdo, St. Celsus, St. Alban, as you can't possibly conceive. The situation was rather more desperate than before. Everybody looked helplessly towards St. Bernard. St. Bernard set his lips. St. Bernard puckered his brow. Silence.

Then St. Bernard raised his head and flung his arm out with a gesture of exaggerated ease.

"Nothing," said he, "nothing simpler in the world. Christ shall give his casting vote. We, and Luigi of Catanzaro, and His Holiness, and the *Sacra Congregazione*, shall abide by it. And Calabria, and Andalusia, and Bohemia, and Bavaria. The Faith shall abide by it. Or has any lady or gentleman any other idea to suggest?"

"No!" burst from a thousand throats. "No, no, no! Good for you, St. Bernard of Clairvaux! Bully for St. Bernard! But Christ? Where is Christ, by the way? Has anybody seen Christ anywhere?"

Nobody has seen him lately.

"I rather think," said St. Mary Magdalene, "there was some talk of an old widow dying somewhere in Basilicata. She kept on calling for San Luigi Gonzaga; and then for any San Luigi who might care to come along. She insisted on the Luigi, because her husband was Luigi, and so was her first-born. Then the boy died and she called her second baby Luigi. And the new Luigi died on the same day as the old one, the father. And this morning, she herself lay dying, but, of course, all the San Luigs have been too busy on this question of a possible addition to their number.

"So Jesus went!"

And at that moment a tired voice whispered--it might have been a flower speaking: "Eccomi. Here is Christ!" And Christ came in rather footsore after his long journey to and from

Basilicata, and sat down on an armchair and Mary Magdalene soothed his feet with her tresses.

"Won't you let him recover his breath for a few moments?" whispered St. Mary Magdalene. His mother bent over the back of his chair and stroked his brow.

But the matter was too important to wait, for the peace of mind of the whole club was involved. St. Bernard lost no time explaining how the land lay. Christ had gathered something of the situation upon his journey through the middle air. But the latest developments had eluded him, or his mind had been full of the dying widow's last words. St. Bernard clearly explained what was required from him.

"Give me," whispered Christ, "give me half an hour." He sank his head upon his hands. The saints broke into small groups and paced unquietly up and down the hall. Ten and twenty minutes passed and Christ remained motionless as the chair he sat on. The Magdalene placed her cool cheek against his feet. St. Francis of Assisi looked timidly upon him and besought the others to keep away when they ventured too close.

Christ rose. He moved slowly between the tables towards the inner end of the hall to the dais there, where the lectures and entertainments are held. He lifted his head and spoke.

"Sisters and brothers," he said, "I cannot but regret that this duty, which hitherto you have yourselves so well performed, should now fall upon my shoulders, too little worthy to support it. For the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro, the object of these present discussions, I have much personal esteem. I might call it affection. I might call it reverence. Those among you who desire to elect him to your company would elect no mean minister, no feeble intercessor, out of his intermediate to these final glories.

"But how shall I place myself in opposition to those others, no less my dear councillors and lovers, who would exclude him? What are the grounds upon which he would be excluded? There are none others, I am right in concluding, than that he is a Jew? Sisters and brothers, I cannot but confess that the reason embarrasses me a little. It is true I find that my own beloved apostles are among the most vocal of his rejectors. That the greater part of their company are Jews is not perhaps relevant . . ."

"That it is!" rumbled St. Christopher.

"Jews!" murmured another. "But of course they're Jews! How can we have lost sight of the fact?"

"There's no need," grumbled St. Peter, who looked hot and uncomfortable, "to rake up these old scandals!"

"Isn't there just!" said the Seven Maccabeans in concert. They had maintained a strict silence hitherto. Being the only pre-Christian saints in the club, they had been feeling their position distinctly uncomfortable all along. "We don't see what being a Jew has got to do with it!" said the elder Maccabean boldly.

"Indeed we don't!" exclaimed his six brothers.

"The whole objection is ridiculous!" blustered St. Moses of Venice, the converted brigand, who still hoped against hope that somebody would take him for his more illustrious namesake in the Old Testament.

"*Autres siècles, autres procès!*" said St. Paul pointedly.

"Beloved sisters and brothers!" Christ resumed. "But that is not the sole reason why I find my position so particularly invidious. It will not have been forgotten that I too am a Jew!"

"I'm not at all certain," murmured St. Athanasius, "that the theology is quite sound there!"

"What does theology matter?" said the Magdalene, turning towards him. "Didn't He die on the Cross?"

"What about my grid?" said St. Lawrence.

"Children, children! The knot is too tangled for my fingers to unravel it!" exclaimed Christ piteously. "May I be permitted to submit the issue to the Ancient of Days? He is wiser than his son, than any or all of us. Will you permit it?"

There was a movement amongst the four Latin Fathers.

"It tastes of Arianism," said one. "The inferiority of the Second Person!" expanded another. They were talked down. If people got on that tack the matter would never be settled this side of doomsday. It was getting late and chilly.

"Ask him!" the cry came. "Ask him!"

Christ walked over to his father and talked to him for a few minutes. Everybody waited. Christ looked up to the old man, gently, fearfully.

"Say it again!" said God. "You know I'm rather deaf!"

Christ began to repeat all he had said in a slightly louder voice. God hollowed his hand about his ear, but this time he

did not allow his son to finish. There was a sudden impatient movement of both his arms.

"I won't be bothered! I tell you I won't be bothered! Do you think this is the only religion I've got to attend to? I've got my hands full at the present with this new religion they've started at Boston. And I must keep my eye on Fontainebleau. Settle it between yourselves, can't you? Tell them I said so!"

Christ resumed his place upon the dais. "You have seen, ladies and gentlemen, you have heard. What is to be done?"

Not a sound was heard in the hall. Everyone looked impotently at everyone else. No one could allow himself to be such a ruffian as to drive Christ to a decision. He looked so tired, he always looked so tired these days. The whole business was lamentable in the extreme.

And at that moment the Holy Ghost cooed long and loud from his perch on the crozier of St. Nicholas.

"The Holy Ghost!" said the Saints.

"The Holy Ghost," whispered Christ. "Here is an arbitration you cannot gainsay?"

"Never! Never! Never!"

Christ clapped his hands. There was a flutter of white wings across the air.

"Tell me," murmured Christ. "Tell me!"

The saints lowered their eyes or turned awfully away. The pink feet had come to rest upon Christ's shoulder. He inclined his ear towards the ineffable beak. There was no sound. But the Word had passed between them, too august for utterance, the Word which was in the beginning.

"Beloved sisters and brothers," said Christ. The saints turned and lifted their eyes. "*The Jew, Aryeh, the Blessed Luigi of Catanzaro, will not be canonized.* As it was in the beginning . . ."

"Is now," took up the saints humbly.

"And ever shall be," they continued.

"World without end!" proclaimed the assembly.

The holy Ghost cooed contentedly from his perch on the crozier of St. Nicholas.

* * *

"You might make them understand in Calabria," said Cardinal Bambara, "just how it was, won't you? The Holy

Father has taken to heart rather seriously these imputations of a bias against Calabria and the *mezzogiorno*. You see how unfair they are."

"They were rather upset," I added, "even in Bohemia and Andalusia."

"Let them know," said the Cardinal. "Let them know!"

"And Bavaria?"

"Why not Bavaria?" said the Cardinal, mopping his brow wearily. "By all means let them know in Bavaria!"

Which I herewith do.

IDA GRAVES.

HYPNOS.

THE winds sweep low and sing their moan,
Rain darkens every stone.
Darkly down the valley tread
Those printless feet. A feathered head,
Winged like a closing flower,
Shakes and wakes a diamond shower.
Lips pout their dreaming, eyes
Gaze from their caverns wide and wise.
Grave silence knows eternal gloom
Within his forehead's ghostly tomb ;
And as he moves, the sullen rain
Fills his body's bronze with light.
Dark, sullen clouds stretch wings of night
Over the drowsy hills again
Where quiet caverns cool and deep
Gather the pools of sleep.

Close the yellow buds of day,
Shut my crimson thought away ;
Snap the lances of the sun,
Break the thread my joy has spun ;
Touch beauty's lips and end her kiss,
Dying is life if death be this.

SUN.

"TAKE her away, into the sun," the doctors said.

She herself was sceptical of the sun, but she permitted herself to be carried away, with her child, and a nurse, and her mother, over the sea.

The ship sailed at midnight. And for two hours her husband stayed with her, while the child was put to bed, and the passengers came on board. It was a black night, the Hudson swayed with heavy blackness, shaken over with spilled dribbles of light. She leaned on the rail, and looking down thought: This is the sea; it is deeper than one imagines, and fuller of memories. At that moment the sea seemed to heave like the serpent of chaos that has lived for ever.

"These partings are no good, you know," her husband was saying, at her side. "They're no good. I don't like them."

His tone was full of apprehension, misgiving, and there was a certain note of clinging to the last straw of hope.

"No, neither do I," she responded in a flat voice.

She remembered how bitterly they had wanted to get away from one another, he and she. The emotion of parting gave a slight tug at her emotions, but only caused the iron that had gone into her soul to gorge deeper.

So, they looked at their sleeping son, and the father's eyes were wet. But it is not the wetting of the eyes which counts, it is the deep iron rhythm of habit, the year-long, life-long habits; the deep-set stroke of power.

And in their two lives, the stroke of power was hostile, his and hers. Like two engines running at variance, they shattered one another.

"All ashore! All ashore!"

"Maurice, you must go!"

And she thought to herself : For him it is *All ashore !* For me it is *Out to sea !*

Well, he waved his hanky on the midnight dreariness of the pier, as the boat inched away ; one among a crowd. One among a crowd ! *C'est ça !*

The ferry-boats, like great dishes piled with rows of lights, were still slanting across the Hudson. That black mouth must be the Lackawanna Station.

The ship ebbed on, the Hudson seemed interminable. But at last they were round the bend, and there was the poor harvest of lights at the Battery. Liberty flung up her torch in a tantrum. There was the wash of the sea.

And though the Atlantic was grey as lava, she did come at last into the sun. Even she had a house above the bluest of seas, with a vast garden, or vineyard, all vines and olives dropping steeply, terrace after terrace, to the strip of coast-plain ; and the garden full of secret places, deep groves of lemon far down in the cleft of earth, and hidden, pure green reservoirs of water ; then a spring issuing out of a little cavern, where the old Sicules had drunk before the Greeks came ; and a grey goat bleating, stabled in an ancient tomb, with all the niches empty. There was the scent of mimosa, and beyond, the snow of the volcano.

She saw it all, and in a measure it was soothing. But it was all external. She didn't really care about it. She was herself, just the same, with all her anger and frustration inside her, and her incapacity to feel anything real. The child irritated her, and preyed on her peace of mind. She felt so horribly, ghastly responsible for him : as if she must be responsible for every breath he drew. And that was torture to her, to the child, and to everybody else concerned.

" You know, Juliet, the doctor told you to lie in the sun, without your clothes. Why don't you ? " said her mother.

" When I am fit to do so, I will. Do you want to kill me ? " Juliet flew at her.

" To kill you, no ! Only to do you good."

" For God's sake, leave off wanting to do me good."

The mother at last was so hurt and incensed, she departed.

The sea went white—and then invisible. Pouring rain fell. It was cold, in the house built for the sun.

Again a morning when the sun lifted himself naked and molten, sparkling over the sea's rim. The house faced south-

west, Juliet lay in her bed and watched him rise. It was as if she had never seen the sun rise before. She had never seen the naked sun stand up pure upon the sea-line, shaking the night off himself.

So the desire sprang secretly in her, to go naked in the sun. She cherished her desire like a secret.

But she wanted to go away from the house—away from people. And it is not easy, in a country where every olive tree has eyes, and every slope is seen from afar, to go hidden.

But she found a place : a rocky bluff, shoved out to the sea and sun and overgrown with large cactus, the flat-leaved cactus called prickly pear. Out of this blue-grey knoll of cactus rose one cypress tree, with a pallid, thick trunk, and a tip that leaned over, flexible, up in the blue. It stood like a guardian looking to sea ; or a low, silvery candle whose huge flame was darkness against light : earth sending up her proud tongue of gloom.

Juliet sat down by the cypress tree, and took off her clothes. The contorted cactus made a forest, hideous yet fascinating, about her. She sat and offered her bosom to the sun, sighing, even now, with a certain hard pain, against the cruelty of having to give herself.

But the sun marched in blue heaven and sent down his rays as he went. She felt the soft air of the sea on her breasts, that seemed as if they would never ripen. But she hardly felt the sun. Fruits that would wither and not mature, her breasts.

Soon, however, she felt the sun inside them, warmer than ever love had been, warmer than milk or the hands of her baby. At last, at last her breasts were like long white grapes in the hot sun.

She slid off all her clothes and lay naked in the sun, and as she lay she looked up through her fingers at the central sun, his blue pulsing roundness, whose outer edges streamed brilliance. Pulsing with marvellous blue, and alive, and streaming white fire from his edges, the sun ! He faced down to her with his look of blue fire, and enveloped her breasts and her face, her throat, her tired belly, her knees, her thighs and her feet.

She lay with shut eyes, the colour of rosy flame through her lids. It was too much. She reached and put leaves over her eyes. Then she lay again, like a long white gourd in the sun, that must ripen to gold.

She could feel the sun penetrating even into her bones ; nay, further, even into her emotions and her thoughts. The

dark tensions of her emotion began to give way, the cold dark clots of her thoughts began to dissolve. She was beginning to feel warm right through. Turning over, she let her shoulders dissolve in the sun, her loins, the backs of her thighs, even her heels. And she lay half stunned with wonder at the thing that was happening to her. Her weary, chilled heart was melting, and in melting, evaporating.

When she was dressed again she lay once more and looked up at the cypress tree, whose crest, a flexible filament, fell this way and that in the breeze. Meanwhile, she was conscious of the great sun roaming in heaven.

So, dazed, she went home, only half-seeing, sun-blinded and sun-dazed. And her blindness was like a richness to her, and her dim, warm, heavy half-consciousness was like wealth.

"Mummy! Mummy!" her child came running towards her, calling in that peculiar bird-like little anguish of want, always wanting her. She was surprised that her drowsed heart for once felt none of the anxious love-anguish in return. She caught the child up in her arms, but she thought: He should not be such a lump! If he were in the sun, he would spring up.

She resented, rather, his little hands clutching at her, especially her neck. She pulled her throat away. She did not want to be touched. She put the child gently down.

"Run!" she said. "Run in the sun!"

And there and then she took off his clothes and set him naked on the warm terrace.

"Play in the sun!" she said.

He was frightened and wanted to cry. But she, in the warm indolence of her body, and the complete indifference of her heart, rolled him an orange across the red tiles, and with his soft, unformed little body he toddled after it. Then immediately he had it, he dropped it because it felt strange against his flesh. And he looked back at her, querulous, wrinkling his face to cry, frightened because he was stark.

"Bring me the orange," she said, amazed at her own deep indifference to his trepidation. "Bring Mummy the orange."

"He shall not grow up like his father," she said to herself. "Like a worm that the sun has never seen."

II.

She had had the child so much on her mind, in a torment of responsibility, as if, having borne him, she had to answer for his whole existence. Even if his nose were running, it had been repulsive and a goad in her vitals, as if she must say to herself : Look at the thing you brought forth !

Now a change took place. She was no longer vitally interested in the child, she took the strain of her anxiety and her will from off him. And he thrived all the more for it.

She was thinking inside herself, of the sun in his splendour, and her mating with him. Her life was now a whole ritual. She lay always awake, before dawn, watching for the grey to colour to pale gold, to know if clouds lay on the sea's edge. Her joy was when he rose all molten in his nakedness, and threw off blue-white fire, into the tender heaven.

But sometimes he came ruddy, like a big, shy creature. And sometimes slow and crimson red, with a look of anger, slowly pushing and shouldering. Sometimes again she could not see him, only the level cloud threw down gold and scarlet from above, as he moved behind the wall.

She was fortunate. Weeks went by, and though the dawn was sometimes clouded, and afternoon was sometimes grey, never a day passed sunless, and most days, winter though it was, streamed radiant. The thin little wild crocuses came up mauve and striped, the wild narcissi hung their winter stars.

Every day she went down to the cypress tree, among the cactus grove on the knoll with yellowish cliffs at the foot. She was wiser and subtler now, wearing only a dove-grey wrapper, and sandals. So that in an instant, in any hidden niche, she was naked to the sun. And the moment she was covered again she was grey and invisible.

Every day, in the morning towards noon, she lay at the foot of the powerful, silver-pawed cypress tree, while the sun rode jovial in heaven. By now she knew the sun in every thread of her body, there was not a cold shadow left. And her heart, that anxious, straining heart, had disappeared altogether, like a flower that falls in the sun, and leaves only a ripe seed-case.

She knew the sun in heaven, blue-molten with his white fire edges, throwing off fire. And though he shone on all the world, when she lay unclothed he focussed on her. It was one



CHARTRES, 1923.
NINA HAMNETT.



CARICATURE OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE BY PEARL BINDER.

of the wonders of the sun, he could shine on a million people and still be the radiant, splendid, unique sun, focussed on her alone.

With her knowledge of the sun, and her conviction that the sun *knew* her, in the cosmic carnal sense of the word, came over her a feeling of detachment from people, and a certain contempt for human beings altogether. They were so un-elemental, so unsunned. They were so like graveyard worms.

Even the peasants passing up the rocky, ancient little road with their donkeys, sun-blackened as they were, were not sunned right through. There was a little soft white core of fear, like a snail in a shell, where the soul of the man cowered in fear of death, and in fear of the natural blaze of life. He dared not quite emerge : always innerly cowed. All men were like that.

Why admit men !

With her indifference to people, to men, she was not now so cautious about being unseen. She had told Marinina, who went shopping for her in the village, that the doctor had ordered sun-baths. Let that suffice.

Marinina was a woman over sixty, tall, thin, erect, with curling dark grey hair, and dark grey eyes that had the shrewdness of thousands of years in them, with the laugh that underlies all long experience. Tragedy is lack of experience.

"It must be beautiful to go unclothed in the sun," said Marinina, with a shrewd laugh in her eyes, as she looked keenly at the other woman. Juliet's fair, bobbed hair curled in a little cloud at her temple. Marinina was a woman of Magna Græcia, and had far memories. She looked again at Juliet. "But you have to be beautiful yourself, if you're not going to give offence to the sun ? Isn't it so ?" she added, with that queer, breathless little laugh of the women of the past.

"Who knows if I am beautiful !" said Juliet.

But beautiful or not, she felt that, by the sun she was appreciated. Which is the same.

When, out of the sun at noon, sometimes she stole down over the rocks and past the cliff-edge, down to the deep gully where the lemons hung in cool eternal shadow ; and in the silence slipped off her wrapper to wash herself quickly at one of the deep, clear green basins, she would notice, in the bare green twilight under the lemon leaves, that all her body was rosy, rosy

and turning to gold. She was like another person. She was another person.

So she remembered that the Greeks had said, a white, unsunned body was fishy and unhealthy.

And she would rub a little olive oil in her skin, and wander a moment in the dark underworld of the lemons, balancing a lemon flower in her navel, laughing to herself. There was just a chance some peasant might see her. But if he did he would be more afraid of her than she of him. She knew the white core of fear in the clothed bodies of men.

She knew it even in her little son. How he mistrusted her, now that she laughed at him, with the sun in her face! She insisted on his toddling naked in the sunshine, every day. And now his little body was pink too, his blond hair was pushed thick from his brow, his cheeks had a pomegranate scarlet, in the delicate gold of the sunny skin. He was bonny and healthy, and the servants, loving his red and gold and blue, called him an angel from heaven.

But he mistrusted his mother: she laughed at him. And she saw in his wide blue eyes, under the little frown, that centre of fear, misgiving, which she believed was at the centre of all male eyes, now. She called it fear of the sun.

"He fears the sun," she would say to herself, looking down into the eyes of the child.

And as she watched him toddling, swaying, tumbling in the sunshine, making his little, bird-like noises, she saw that he held himself tight and hidden from the sun, inside himself. His spirit was like a snail in a shell, in a damp, cold crevice inside himself. It made her think of his father. She wished she could make him come forth, break out in a gesture of recklessness and salutation.

She determined to take him with her, down to the cypress tree among the cactus. She would have to watch him, because of the thorns. But surely in that place he would come forth from that little shell, deep inside him. That little civilised tension would disappear off his brow.

She spread a rug for him and sat him down. Then she slid off her wrapper and lay down herself, watching a hawk high in the blue, and the tip of the cypress hanging over.

The boy played with stones on the rug. When he got up to toddle away, she sat up too. He turned and looked at her.

Almost, from his blue eyes, it was the challenging, warm look of the true male. And he was handsome, with the scarlet in the golden blond of his skin. He was not really white. His skin was gold-dusky.

"Mind the thorns, darling," she said.

"Thorns!" re-echoed the child, in a birdy chirp, still looking at her over his shoulder, like some naked cherub in a picture, doubtful.

"Nasty prickly thorns."

"'Ickly thorns!"

He staggered in his little sandals over the stones, pulling at the dry wild mint. She was quick as a serpent, leaping to him, when he was going to fall against the prickles. It surprised even herself. "What a wild cat I am, really!" she said to herself.

She brought him every day, when the sun shone, to the cypress tree.

"Come!" she said. "Let us go to the cypress tree."

And if there was a cloudy day, with the tramontana blowing, so that she could not go down, the child would chirp incessantly: "Cypress tree! Cypress tree!"

He missed it as much as she did.

It was not just taking sunbaths. It was much more than that. Something deep inside her unfolded and relaxed, and she was given. By some mysterious power inside her, deeper than her known consciousness and will, she was put into connection with the sun, and the stream flowed of itself, from her womb. She herself, her conscious self, was secondary, a secondary person, almost an onlooker. The true Juliet was this dark flow from her deep body to the sun.

She had always been mistress of herself, aware of what she was doing, and held tense for her own power. Now she felt inside her quite another sort of power, something greater than herself, flowing by itself. Now she was vague, but she had a power beyond herself.

III.

The end of February was suddenly very hot. Almond blossom was falling like pink snow, in the touch of the smallest breeze. The mauve, silky little anemones were out, the asphodels tall in bud, and the sea was cornflower blue.

Juliet had ceased to trouble about anything. Now, most of the day, she and the child were naked in the sun, and it was all she wanted. Sometimes she went down to the sea to bathe : often she wandered in the gullies where the sun shone in, and she was out of sight. Sometimes she saw a peasant with an ass, and he saw her. But she went so simply and quietly with her child ; and the fame of the sun's healing power, for the soul as well as for the body, had already spread among the people ; so that there was no excitement.

The child and she were now both tanned with a rosy-golden tan, all over. " I am another being ! " she said to herself, as she looked at her red-gold breasts and thighs.

The child too was another creature, with a peculiar quiet, sun-darkened absorption. Now he played by himself in silence, and she hardly need notice him. He seemed no longer to know, when he was alone.

There was not a breeze, and the sea was ultramarine. She sat by the great silver paw of the cypress tree, drowsed in the sun, but her breasts alert, full of sap. She was becoming aware that an activity was rousing in her, an activity which would carry her into a new way of life. Still she did not want to be aware. She knew well enough the vast cold apparatus of civilisation, so difficult to evade.

The child had gone a few yards down the rocky path, round the great sprawling of a cactus. She had seen him, a real gold-brown infant of the winds, with burnt gold hair and red cheeks, collecting the speckled pitcher-flowers and laying them in rows. He could balance now, and was quick for his own emergencies, like an absorbed young animal playing silent.

Suddenly she heard him speaking : *Look Mummy ! Mummy look !* A note in his bird-like voice made her lean forward sharply.

Her heart stood still. He was looking over his naked little shoulder at her, and pointing with a loose little hand at a snake which had reared itself up a yard away from him, and was opening its mouth so that its forked, soft tongue flickered black like a shadow, uttering a short hiss.

" Look ! Mummy ! "

" Yes, darling, it's a snake ! " came the slow, deep voice.

He looked at her, his wide blue eyes uncertain whether to be afraid or not. Some stillness of the sun in her reassured him.

"Snake!" he chirped.

"Yes, darling! Don't touch it, it can bite."

The snake had sunk down, and was reaching away from the coils in which it had been basking asleep, and slowly was easing its long, gold-brown body into the rocks, with slow curves. The boy turned and watched it in silence. Then he said:—

"Snake going!"

"Yes! Let it go. It likes to be alone."

He still watched the slow, easing length as the creature drew itself apathetic out of sight.

"Snake gone back," he said.

"Yes, it's gone back. Come to Mummy a moment."

He came and sat with his plump, naked little body on her naked lap, and she smoothed his burnt, bright hair. She said nothing, feeling that everything was passed. The curious soothing power of the sun filled her, filled the whole place like a charm, and the snake was part of the place, along with her and the child.

Another day, in the dry stone wall of one of the olive terraces, she saw a black snake horizontally creeping.

"Marinina," she said, "I saw a black snake. Are they harmful?"

"Ah, the black snakes, no! But the yellow ones, yes! If the yellow ones bite you, you die. But they frighten me, they frighten me, even the black ones, when I see one."

Juliet still went to the cypress tree with the child. But she always looked carefully round before she sat down, examining everywhere where the child might go. Then she would lie and turn to the sun again, her tanned, pear-shaped breasts pointing up. She would take no thought for the morrow. She refused to think outside her garden, and she could not write letters. She would tell the nurse to write.

IV.

It was March, and the sun was growing very powerful. In the hot hours she would lie in the shade of the trees, or she would even go down to the depths of the cool lemon grove. The child ran in the distance, like a young animal absorbed in life.

One day she was sitting in the sun on the steep slope of the

gully, having bathed in one of the great tanks. Below, under the lemons, the child was wading among the yellow oxalis flowers of the shadow, gathering fallen lemons, passing with his tanned little body into flecks of light, moving all dappled.

Suddenly, high over the land's edge, against the full-lit pale blue sky, Marinina appeared, a black cloth tied round her head, calling quietly : "*Signora ! Signora Julietta !*"

Juliet faced round, standing up. Marinina paused a moment, seeing the naked woman standing alert, her sun-faded fair hair in a little cloud. Then the swift old woman came on down the slant of the steep track.

She stood a few steps, erect, in front of the sun-coloured woman, and eyed her shrewdly.

"But how beautiful you are, you !" she said coolly, almost cynically. "There is your husband."

"My husband !" cried Juliet.

The old woman gave a shrewd bark of a little laugh, the mockery of the women of the past.

"Haven't you got one, a husband, you ?" she taunted.

"But where is he ?" cried Juliet.

The old woman glanced over her shoulder.

"He was following me," she said. "But he will not have found the path." And she gave another little bark of a laugh.

The paths were all grown high with grass and flowers and nepitella, till they were like bird-trails in an eternally wild place. Strange, the vivid wildness of the old places of civilisation, a wildness that is not gaunt.

Juliet looked at her serving-woman with meditating eyes.

"Oh, very well !" she said at last. "Let him come."

"Let him come here ? Now ?" asked Marinina, her laughing, smoke-grey eyes looking with mockery into Juliet's. Then she gave a little jerk of her shoulders.

"All right, as you wish. But for him it is a rare one !"

She opened her mouth in a laugh of noiseless joy. Then she pointed down to the child, who was heaping lemons against his little chest. "Look how beautiful the child is ! That, certainly, will please him, poor thing. Then I'll bring him."

"Bring him," said Juliet.

The old woman scrambled rapidly up the track again. Maurice was standing grey-faced, in his grey felt hat and his dark grey suit, at a loss among the vine terraces. He looked pathetically

out of place, in that resplendent sunshine and the grace of the old Greek world ; like a blot of ink on the pale, sun-glowing slope.

“ Come ! ” said Marinina to him. “ She is down here.”

And swiftly she led the way, striding with a rapid stride, making her way through the grasses. Suddenly she stopped on the brow of the slope. The tops of the lemon trees were dark, away below.

“ You, you go down here,” she said to him, and he thanked her, looking up at her swiftly.

He was a man of forty, clean-shaven, grey faced, very quiet and really shy. He managed his own business carefully, without startling success, but efficiently. And he confided in nobody. The old woman of Magna Græcia saw him at a glance : he is good, she said to herself, but not a man, poor thing.

“ Down there is the Signora ! ” said Marinina, pointing like one of the Fates.

And again he said “ Thank you ! Thank you ! ” without a twinkle, and stepped carefully into the track. Marinina lifted her chin with a joyful wickedness. Then she strode off towards the house.

Maurice was watching his step, through the tangle of Mediterranean herbage, so he did not catch sight of his wife till he came round a little bend, quite near her. She was standing erect and nude by the jutting rock, glistening with the sun and with warm life. Her breasts seemed to be lifting up, alert, to listen, her thighs looked brown and fleet. Her glance on him, as he came like ink on blotting-paper, was swift and nervous.

Maurice, poor fellow, hesitated, and glanced away from her. He turned his face aside.

“ Hello, Julie ! ” he said, with a little nervous cough—
“ Splendid ! Splendid ! ”

He advanced with his face averted, shooting further glances at her, as she stood with the peculiar satiny gleam of the sun on her tanned skin. Somehow she did not seem so terribly naked. It was the golden-rose tan of the sun that clothed her.

“ Hello, Maurice ! ” she said, hanging back from him. “ I wasn’t expecting you so soon.”

“ No,” he said, “ No ! I managed to slip away a little earlier.”

And again he coughed awkwardly.

They stood several yards away from one another, and there was silence.

"Well!" he said, "er—this is splendid, splendid! You are—er—splendid! Where is the boy?"

"There he is," she said, pointing down to where a naked urchin in the deep shade was piling fallen lemons together.

The father gave an odd little laugh.

"Ah, yes! there he is! So there's the little man! Fine!" he said. He really was thrilled in his suppressed, nervous soul. "Hello, Johnny!" he called, and it sounded rather feeble. "Hello, Johnny!"

The child looked up, spilling lemons from his chubby arms, but did not respond.

"I guess we'll go down to him," said Juliet, as she turned and went striding down the path. Her husband followed, watching the rosy, fleet-looking lifting and sinking of her quick hips, as she swayed a little in the socket of her waist. He was dazed with admiration, but also, at a deadly loss. What should he do with himself? He was utterly out of the picture, in his dark grey suit and pale grey hat, and his grey, monastic face of a shy business man.

"He looks all right, doesn't he?" said Juliet, as they came through the deep sea of yellow-flowering oxalis, under the lemon trees.

"Ah!—yes! yes! Splendid! Splendid!—Hello, Johnny! Do you know Daddy? Do you know Daddy, Johnny?"

He crouched down and held out his hands.

"Lemons!" said the child, birdily chirping. "Two lemons!"

"Two lemons!" replied the father. "Lots of lemons."

The infant came and put a lemon in each of his father's open hands. Then he stood back to look.

"Two lemons!" repeated the father. "Come, Johnny! Come and say Hello to Daddy."

"Daddy going back?" said the child.

"Going back? Well—well—not to-day."

And he gathered his son in his arms.

"Take a coat off! Daddy take a coat off!" said the boy, squirming debonair away from the cloth.

"All right, son! Daddy take a coat off."

He took off his coat and laid it carefully aside, then again took his son in his arms. The naked woman looked down at the

naked infant in the arms of the man in his shirt sleeves. The boy had pulled off the father's hat, and Juliet looked at the sleek, black-and-grey hair of her husband, not a hair out of place. And utterly, utterly indoors. She was silent for a long time, while the father talked to the child, who was fond of his Daddy.

"What are you going to do about it, Maurice?" she said, suddenly.

He looked at her swiftly, sideways.

"Er—about what, Julie?"

"Oh, everything! About this! I can't go back into East Forty-Seventh."

"Er—," he hesitated, "no, I suppose not—Not just now at least."

"Never," she said, and there was a silence.

"Well—er—I don't know," he said.

"Do you think you can come out here?" she said.

"Yes!—I can stay for a month. I think I can manage a month," he hesitated. Then he ventured a complicated, shy peep at her, and hid his face again.

She looked down at him, her alert breasts lifted with a sigh, as if a breeze of impatience shook them.

"I can't go back," she said slowly. "I can't go back on this sun. If you can't come here——"

She ended on an open note. He glanced at her again and again, furtively, but with growing admiration and lessening confusion.

"No!" he said. "This kind of thing suits you. You are splendid! No, I don't think you can go back."

He was thinking of her in the New York flat, pale, silent, oppressing him terribly. He was the soul of gentle timidity, in his human relations, and her silent, awful hostility after the baby was born, had frightened him deeply. Because he had realised she couldn't help it. Women were like that. Their feelings took a reverse direction, even against their own selves, and it was awful—awful! Awful, awful to live in the house with a woman like that, whose feelings were reversed even against herself! He had felt himself ground down under the millstone of her helpless enmity. She had ground even herself down to the quick, and the child as well. No, anything rather than that.

"But what about *you*?" she asked.

"I? Oh, I!—I can carry on the business, and—er—come over here for the holidays—as long as you like to stay. You stay as long as you wish." He looked a long time down at the earth, then glanced up at her with a touch of supplication in his uneasy eyes.

"Even for ever?"

"Well—er—yes, if you like. For ever is a long time. One can't set a date."

"And I can do anything I like?" She looked him straight in the eyes, challenging. And he was powerless against her rosy, wind-hardened nakedness.

"Er—yes!—I suppose so! So long as you don't make yourself unhappy—or the boy."

Again he looked up at her with a complicated, uneasy appeal—thinking of the child, but hoping for himself.

"I won't," she said quickly.

"No!" he said. "No! I don't think you will."

There was a pause. The bells of the village were hastily clanging mid-day. That meant lunch.

She slipped into her grey crepe kimono, and fastened a broad green sash round her waist. Then she slipped a little blue shirt over the boy's head, and they went up to the house.

At table she watched her husband, his grey city face, his fixed, black-grey hair, his very precise table manners, and his extreme moderation in eating and drinking. Sometimes he glanced at her, furtively, from under his black lashes. He had the gold-grey eyes of an animal that has been caught young, and reared completely in captivity.

They went on to the balcony for coffee. Below, beyond, on the next podere across the steep little gully, a peasant and his wife were sitting under an almond tree, near the green wheat, eating their mid-day meal from a little white cloth spread on the ground. There was a huge piece of bread, and glasses with dark wine.

Juliet put her husband with his back to this picture: she sat facing. Because, the moment she and Maurice had come out on the balcony, the peasant had glanced up.

V.

She knew him, in the distance, perfectly. He was a rather fat, very broad fellow of about thirty-five, and he chewed large

mouthfuls of bread. His wife was stiff and dark faced, handsome, sombre. They had no children. So much Juliet had learned.

The peasant worked a great deal alone, on the opposite podere. His clothes were always very clean and cared-for, white trousers and a coloured shirt, and an old straw hat. Both he and his wife had that air of quiet superiority which belongs to individuals, not to a class.

His attraction was in his vitality, the peculiar quick energy which gave a charm to his movements, stout and broad as he was. In the early days before she took to the sun, Juliet had met him suddenly, among the rocks, when she had scrambled over to the next podere. He had been aware of her before she saw him, so that when she did look up, he took off his hat, gazing at her with shyness and pride, from his big blue eyes. His face was broad, sunburnt, he had a cropped brown moustache and thick brown eyebrows, nearly as thick as his moustache, meeting under his low, wide brow.

"Oh!" she said. "Can I walk here?"

"Surely!" he replied, with that peculiar hot haste which characterised his movement. "My padrone would wish you to walk wherever you like on his land."

And he pressed back his head in the quick, vivid shy generosity of his nature. She had gone on quickly. But instantly she had recognised the violent generosity of his blood, and the equally violent *farouche* shyness.

Since then she had seen him in the distance every day, and she came to realise that he was one who lived a good deal to himself, like a quick animal, and that his wife loved him intensely, with a jealousy that was almost hate; because, probably, he wanted to give himself still, still further, beyond where she could take him.

One day, when a group of peasants sat under a tree, she had seen him dancing quick and gay with a child—his wife watching darkly.

Gradually Juliet and he had become intimate, across the distance. They were aware of one another. She knew, in the morning, the moment he arrived with his ass. And the moment she went out on to the balcony he turned to look. But they never saluted. Yet she missed him when he did not come to work on the podere.

Once, in the hot morning when she had been walking naked,

deep in the gully between the two estates, she had come upon him, as he was bending down, with his powerful shoulders, picking up wood to pile on his motionless, waiting donkey. He saw her as he lifted his flushed face, and she was backing away. A flame went over his eyes, and a flame flew over her body, melting her bones. But she backed away behind the bushes, silently, and retreated whence she had come. And she wondered a little resentfully over the silence in which he could work, hidden in the bushy places. He had that wild animal faculty.

Since then there had been a definite pain of consciousness in the body of each of them, though neither would admit it, and they gave no sign of recognition. But the man's wife was instinctively aware.

And Juliet had thought: Why shouldn't I meet this man for an hour, and bear his child? Why should I have to identify my life with a man's life? Why not meet him for an hour, as long as the desire lasts, and no more? There is already the spark between us.

But she had never made any sign. And now she saw him looking up, from where he sat by the white cloth, opposite his black-clad wife, looking up at Maurice. The wife turned and looked too, saturnine.

And Juliet felt a grudge come over her. She would have to bear Maurice's child again. She had seen it in her husband's eyes. And she knew it from his answer, when she spoke to him.

"Will you walk about in the sun, too, without your clothes?" she asked him.

"Why—er—yes! Yes, I should like to, while I'm here—I suppose it's quite private?"

There was a gleam in his eyes, a desperate kind of courage of his desire, and a glance at the alert lifting of her breasts in her wrapper. In his way, he was a man, too, he faced the world and was not entirely quenched in his male courage. He would dare to walk in the sun, even ridiculously.

But he smelled of the world, and all its fetters and its mongrel cowering. He was branded with the brand that is not a hall-mark.

Ripe now, and brown-rosy all over with the sun, and with a heart like a fallen rose, she had wanted to go down to the hot, shy peasant and bear his child. Her sentiments had fallen like petals. She had seen the flushed blood in the burnt face, and

the flame in the southern blue eyes, and the answer in her had been a gush of fire. He would have been a procreative sun-bath to her, and she wanted it.

Nevertheless, her next child would be Maurice's. The fatal chain of continuity would cause it.

S. MATTHEWMAN.

A RECIPE.

GO through a field and watch the cows eat grass,
Observe the process with meticulous care,
Noting the colours of the clouds that pass
And the precise condition of the air.

Count the tumultuous heavings of their sides ;
Number the insects crawling round their eyes ;
Notice each smell that rises from their hides ;
The green grass, brown manure-heaps and blue skies.

Take all this matter : write an essay on it :
Talk learnedly of mistals, barns and byres,
And then rewrite the whole thing as a sonnet
Modelled on Bl.nd.n's, Fr..m.n's, K.rr's or Sq..re's.

Name it " Menagerie " or " Beast and Man,"
And then, my son, you'll be a Georgian.

T. F. POWYS.

THE BRIDE.

MRS. CAINS stood at her cottage window watching. Exactly opposite the window was a large farmhouse, square and prosperous, with its drive gates set open.

Mrs. Cains watched more expectantly and more greedily.

A large furniture van entered the gates of the farmhouse and was soon beginning to unload. Out of the van were being taken heavy costly things such as a wealthy farmer with a mind as heavy as his purse would be likely to buy. Mrs. Cains watched what was being taken out of the van with an interested greed, but her daughter Laura who was standing near to her frowned, because she knew what her mother was thinking of.

" 'Tis a fine full house of furniture that 'eve a got together, that should move any young girl to go to 'e."

Mrs. Cains shuffled her feet and turned meaningly to her daughter.

Laura stood pensive. She rarely smiled or spoke. She was a girl of strange ways, a splendid carnal creature, and eighteen years old that day.

Her magnificent body, that grew, so her mother fancied, always at night time, had gathered new beauties to it every dark hour since she was a tiny child, and now waited only for the wedding bells to ring.

" I'd give all the world," said Mrs. Cains, " to see into farmer's house, an' thee be big enough to go over to 'e, who be always asking for 'ee to come."

Laura watched the unloading of the furniture, with her lips a little parted, and with eyes that were as full of the dark rage of love as the deepest seas.

" Though 'e be a hoarding miser farmer do buy," said Mrs. Cains wishing to get a word from Laura, as to whether or no she would receive the attentions of the farmer and go and be kind to him.

“ ’Tis the third load of fine things that ’e’ve a-had in to tempt ’ee, an’ thee baint no little chick now to be afeared of a man.”

Laura frowned. Her frown was the first sign that she had been thinking at all about farmer Score, the rich widower, who had filled his house with costly furniture for her sake alone.

Mrs. Cains shuffled her feet, she looked at the girl suggestively, as though she were weighing her exact worth for love—she wanted to, as a mother will want sometimes, to push her out to the man.

Laura Cains had grown up in Little Dodder a flower amongst weeds. Her mother had never understood her silent ways. She had taken her to dances and fairs as soon as she was fourteen, but she never could get her to talk to a young man. Laura would only stand entirely silent and watch the people about her, as she watched farmer Score, who stood now in the open gateway ; for the van had unloaded its goods and was gone.

“ ’E did buy all for thee to notice,” exclaimed Mrs. Cains, looking invitingly at the farmer. “ ’E did ask I if me maid were as well grown as a heifer cow that be waiting ready for breeding. And I did tell ’e that me Laura were just such a breeder for a strong man to have over to ’s home. Do ’ee see how ’e do stand in road and do beckon, ’e be asking for ’ee to go over to farm.”

Mrs. Cains touched Laura, she wished to raise her desire for a man, so that she might at least want to be married.

“ Oh, thee’d be nice to kiss an’ cuddle,” she said, “ thee’d be nice for a strong man to hold in ’s arms, thee’d be something for ’e to ’ave hold on.”

Mr. Score was holding out a hand like a crooked claw and beckoning. His grey head and pale greedy face and heavy figure leaning forward, and formed exactly the kind of man that Mrs. Cains could admire. While behind him there was the large house and the furniture.

Laura watched him without any interest, exactly as she had watched two lovers embracing, one harvest time when the moon was full, and her mother and she were returning from a fair.

“ ’E be a strong man to content a nice maid,” remarked Mrs. Cains.

Laura’s firm full bosom responded to her breathing, without any flutter or hurry, as a child’s who sleeps well ; she frowned.

Mr. Score walked over to the cottage, entered the room, and talked in a chatty manner about the furniture.

Laura turned a little and looked at him.

Mrs. Cains fancied that her daughter's colour heightened.

"Thee baint always been a farmer," she said to Mr. Score.

"Thee were a Stonebridge butcher in past days?"

"Yes, yes," replied the farmer, looking hungrily at the girl, "there weren't no one that could strike down a cow same as I, an' I don't never mind having to strike twice."

Mrs. Cains smiled approvingly, her daughter was grown deathly pale.

Laura went over to the farmer.

"Strike me down too if you want to," she said. . . .

Upon her wedding day a great many envious eyes looked at Laura, and many a man wished himself in farmer Score's place who was to take her to his home that day.

The wedding was upon a Saturday afternoon, for the avaricious farmer couldn't bear to think of his men idling away their time in the fields while he was being married in church.

The only man in the church who dared not look at Laura was Mr. Crocket, the clergyman, who, fearing the awful presence near to him of so much loveliness, looked down at his square-toed boots in mute agony.

"I don't wish to get into any trouble with God about a woman," thought Mr. Crocket, whose own eyes now compelled him to steal a glance at Laura as she kneeled, "but I would give all that I have . . ."

Mr. Score was churchwarden, and always carried the bag round during the last hymn. He liked to finger money, as well, or even better, than to fill his house with furniture for the sake of obtaining the full possession of the body of a lovely girl.

Mrs. Cains saw him go to church as usual the day after the wedding, and as soon as he was out of the way she hoped Laura would beckon to her to come over and view the wealth of her home. But instead of beckoning her to come, Laura waiked over herself, came into the cottage room, and looked out of the window just as she had done when the furniture was being unloaded.

Her mother looked at her curiously.

"'Tis nice to be married," she said.

Laura's right hand held her own left hand idly in her lap

she stood entirely still and watched in utter detachment her new home.

" 'Tis nice to be married," said her mother again.

Laura breathed quietly, and looked across the way.

" Let we go and see all they fine things ? " whispered Mrs. Cains, feeling with her hand the warmth of Laura's bare arm.

Presently Mrs. Cains began to sniff ; something, she thought, must be on fire. She hurried about her cottage but could find nothing burning.

She came to the window again where Laura was standing.

Laura smiled. She held up her left hand and looked at the wedding ring upon it, she folded her hands again and stood as before.

Mrs. Cains sniffed uneasily.

" Let we go," she said, " for I do want to see all they things."

A white puff of smoke broke out from one of the upper windows at the farm that happened to be left open—this was the wedding bedroom.

" Oh," cried Mrs. Cains, " house be on fire an' all they wonders will be burned." Laura smiled again. In a few moments the whole house opposite was ablaze. . . .

When Mr. Score came from the church carrying the collection money, he found his house a mass of flames. He threw himself into the midst of them hoping to save something.

" I thought he would want to do that," said Laura, speaking to her mother for the first time that morning. . . .

Mr. Crocket was sorry when he heard that Farmer Score was burnt to death, because he feared that if he looked at Mrs. Score, who would be sure to attend the funeral, that it might be the worse for him. But he found this temptation easier to resist at the burial than at the wedding, because there was the grave to look into.

PAUL SELVER.

CHOPIN NOCTURNE, Op. 9.

THE sun has set, and with the sun has set
Crisp glitter of mazurka's tunes, that trip
In hectic jets of speed,—a dazzling coil
Of coloured rays that ply a lustrous dance
Upon the wryly crinkled mirror of
A deep, hushed water.

Now arise the mists
Of autumn dusk ; wanly from sullen clouds
The moonbeams trickle ; now arises too,
This melody with nestling murmur. Steeped
In wistfulness and pondering, it sheds
A vapoury elixir of tenderness,
With which it lures unto the verge of dreams.
Wearily fragrant is the breath of it ;
It throbs with yearning's very pulse, and heaves
A sigh that hovers in its raptest poise
Twixt ecstasy and grief.

It sobs not, yet
Wavers at sobbing's brink ; it has no mirth,
But sights awhile mirth's marges when it swells
With dizzy trilling of arpeggios
That whirl the spirit up their crystal rungs,
Half-soaring, half-recoiling. Swift the glimpse,
And swift to fade amid the slow, the dim.
The lulling cadence, wherein is divined
Laughter unuttered, tears unshed. Amid
This music's cloying frailness, whispering
The secret of a spirit in travail
With anguished bliss and rapturous despair.

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS.

NO shafts of lustre leap across the floor :
Upon the twisted stairs no echoes play.
Summer and spring have long since fled away,—
Their mirth and colour will return no more.

But autumn and the lagging winter hours,
The time of early sunset smeared with mist,
Of pallid, wizened morning-glimmers, kissed
By chill and slow array of sombre showers.

Have wrapped the dwelling in their heavy pall,
And lurk behind the saddened window-panes,
That, bleared and clammy with the drip of rains,
Peer dully forth upon a sullen wall.

And sometimes footsteps stealthily parade
A twilit passage with a muffled creak ;
And sometimes old and husky voices speak
In cadences that strangely droop and fade ;

And sometimes passes from piano-keys
The melody of a forgotten song,—
A mournful tune where dreams and yearnings throng,
And mingle with the shudder of the trees.

SEPTEMBER.

EQUINOX, O magic poise !
Summer dead and autumn born.
Heart that wavers : Shall it mourn ?
Shall it snatch at laggard joys ?

Summer dead, but autumn born :
Rich, deep dusk and dappled haze,
Span of mellow nights and days,
Wherefore waver ? Wherefore mourn ?

SOMEWHAT IN THE MANNER OF A CERTAIN POET.

HOW near it all is ! That sultry hour
Of the afternoon in mid-July.
I was new to the game, and I quaked at the power
That made my throat feel tight and dry.
For there was the villa behind the lawn,
And from the bend in the dusty lane
I could see that the landing-curtain was drawn,—
It was Tristan and Isolde all over again.
And as if it were yesterday, I recall
The fire in my blood that her glances lit,
The hotly murmured words, and all
The wanton, maddening rapture of it.
Oh, how my heart fluttered and missed a beat
At the bulge of her bosom beneath her gown,—
And yet when I saw her to-day in the street,
We were just two passers-by in town.
She did not pause and she gave no sign
That once we had shared the same sweet throe :
But though this unruly heart of mine
Is calmer than twenty years ago,
I waited, wondering whether she'd turn
Her head in the distance,—but she did not.
Well, somewhere or other there's something to learn
From this tangled tale, but heaven knows what.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

MIND AND MATTER.

TWIFOLD the brain of God which urns
All that the eyes of mortals claim :
Each bodied thought a thought which burns
Into a death as it returns
To its own sempiternal name.

Thus cosmos, upon cosmos, wheels
From bodied thought to thought again ;
And Time must give back what he steals :
Ceaseless the world's calm music peals
Within the cathedral of God's brain.

Time is eternity's swift night :
Time is the shade of timeless being
Flung in a shadow which is bright ;
For God's own shadow is the light :
A night-time starrier than our seeing.

About His shadow, glim on glim,
(Time's tapers in the nave of space)
Flicker those bodied thoughts from Him :
What multitudinous lust or whim
Gave to each fetter'd world its place ?

And what the whim, or sure desire,
That brought us from His burning sight :
Unto what thoughts do we aspire ?
We, who as God, have thoughts of fire
Which are but shadows—in the light.

We are his words made flesh ; and each
Is pregnant with one, only thought ;
Part of that Mind's transtellar speech
We hear Him in ourselves, and reach
Unto the breath whence we were brought.

Out from the last, lone, looming star ;
Out from all memories entwin'd
About ourselves in avatar,
We shall pass to those thoughts we are
Athwart the high road of His Mind.

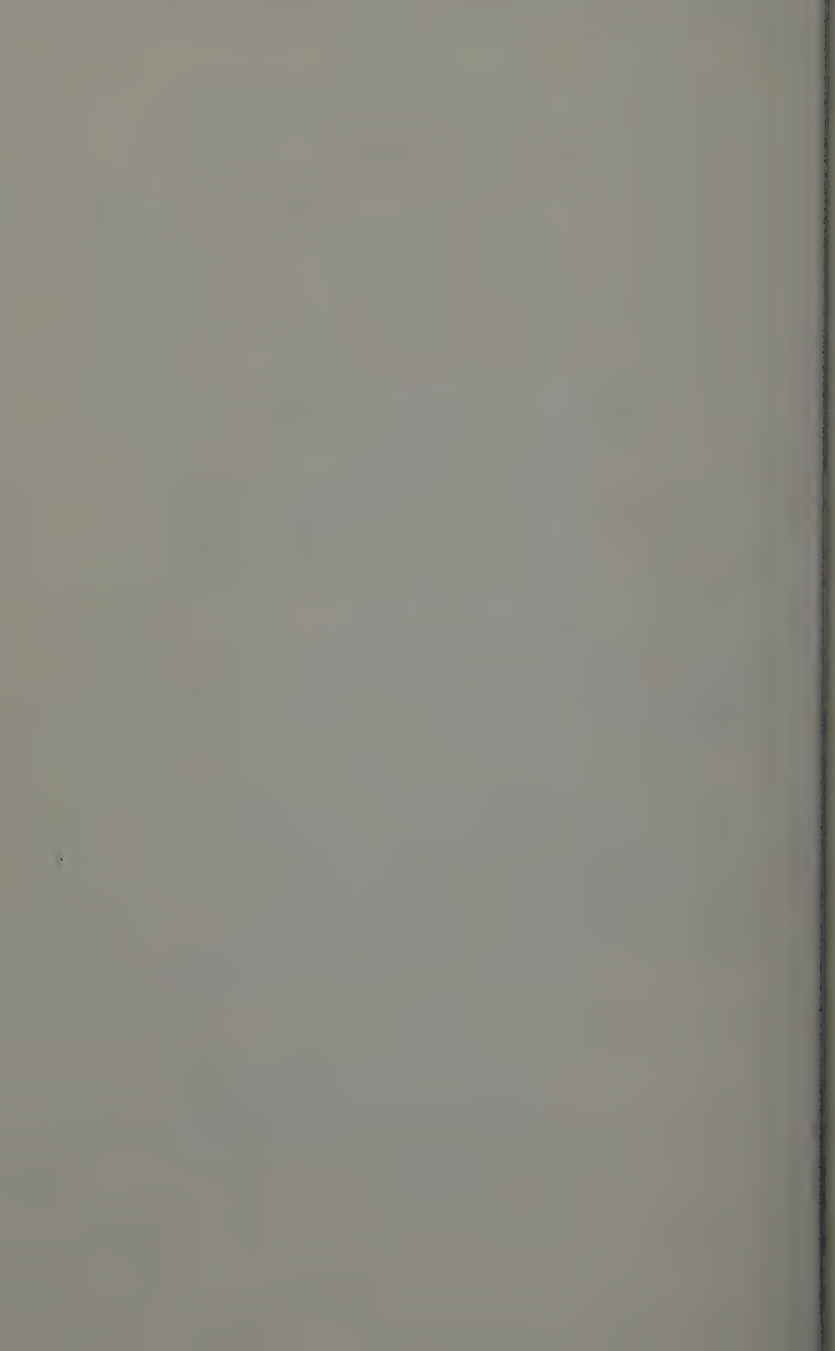
A. S. J. TESSIMOND

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.

(*See Richet's "Idiot Man," de Gourmont's essay on "Immortality and the Idea of Glory," etc.*)

JOVE is not ; and Olympus now no more
Trembles at that inexorable nod ;
And Baal—at his best a fickle god—
Wakes but to yawn and yawns again to snore ;
And Dian's sway, with Dis's reign, is o'er ;
And Jahveh, so they say, grown old and "odd,"
Manipulates more feebly now the rod
That punctuates the nice Hebraic lore.

And Man will soon be left to stand alone.
Yet even him, now that no angels aid—
No tutelary powers patronise,
Some question, would cast down from Adam's throne,
Saying the Bird is stronger, better made,
The Fish less dirty, and the Ape more wise !



EUROPEAN ANTHOLOGY

IV.

GEORG HEYM.

HOLGER DRACHMANN.

K. D. BALMONT.

LEOPOLD STAFF.

JAROSLAV KVAPIL.

JOSEF UHER.

GEORG HEYM

BERLIN

(From the German).

FROM thresholds of dark warehouses were tipped
Tar-besmeared barrels on to roomy decks.
The tug-boats started off. In sooty flecks
A mane of smoke on oily waters slipped.

Two steamers came with bands aboard, and bowed
Their funnels at the bridge. The grimy tides
Flowing from tanneries with their tawny hides
Smoke, soot and stench heavily enshroud.

From all the bridges that we drifted through
Upon our skiff the sound of signals kept
Rolling like drums, and in the stillness grew.

Unmooring, we by garden-borders crept
Through the canal. Idyllic was our view
Of beacons that from giant chimneys leapt.

HOLGER DRACHMANN.

SAKUNTALA

(From the Danish).

I COULD not slumber for yearning :
A blossomy wind,
Was borne to me,
Eddying in through my window
Like a fragrance-breathing sea :
I heard the towering palm trees
Softly sigh
With dulcet music blent ;
That whispered wherever I stood or went :
Sakuntala, Sakuntala.

Thou eternal Himalaya
With summits that rise
Where the roofs of heaven sway.
Why sendest thou thy fountains
To flow to my feet to-day ?
Why ripple the scented billows
Memory-laden
Past me hence ?
What brought to my quivering gaze from thence
Sakuntala, Sakuntala ?

O maiden, thou lettest thine eye, so
Meltingly
To my glances cling,
As though in this moment
Thou hadst taken the bridal ring !
Ah, not only a moment,
Not only a day.
No, a thousand years there roll
Between, to sunder us soul from soul :
Sakuntala, Sakuntala.

Thy ring was not lost in the torrent.
Dushyanta himself
Flung it hence
And though he should stem the turbulent stream,
He'll fetch not the ring from thence.
Dushyanta will go a-hunting
Along the shore ;
Where the palm-trees grow,
He lays an antelope low :
He lays an antelope low :
Sakuntala, Sakuntala.

K. D. BALMONT.

WISDOM MEET FOR OTHER MEN . . .

(From the Russian).

WISDOM meet for other men I have never known,
I amid my verses cast fleeting things alone.
In each fleeting thing I see world on world arise,
Filled with lustrous changefulness toying rainbow-wise.
Men of wisdom, do not plead. Naught for you I care.
I am but a tiny cloud, filled with fiery glare.
I am but a tiny cloud. Lo, I float and all
Dreamers do I call to me . . . 'Tis not ye I call.

LEOPOLD STAFF.

THE UNNAMED

(From the Polish).

IN ancient temple ruins, whose stones with moss were lined,
God's image I upraised . . . rough and ungainly shows
The form of it, but hallowed by blood-racking throes,
Spell-changed to berries, whose wild spray about it twines.

And my white-glistening soul at golden morn came there,
A priestess plunged in dreams and riddles evermore,—
To honour God, whose sway she fain was to adore,
Vowing to him her golden toll of virgin hair.

But title of my Lord my silent depths concealed
Amid the dusk of secrets . . . I arouse no chimes,
That sunwards with metal clang his name should be annealed.

For worthy of Great Gods there is one name alone,—
The life of their avowers, and what their fruit sublimes.
O thou my life, thee holy and mighty I would own !

JAROSLAV KVAPIL.

DIALOGUE

(From the Czech).

LO, now the sunset wanes, and far the path ahead.
Where art thou hastening? Gravewards. Tarry yet a
space.

Deep will the night-time be,—does it not rouse thy dread?

Lo, how the sky-line's purple melts in the stream's blue trace.
Unpeopled are the tracts, and far we have to fare.

God here speaks softly to us in an earth-bound guise.
Clutch of dead loneliness has filled us with despair.

O peace unending! Come, we'll sleep 'neath starry skies.

JOSEF UHER.

GREENLAND

(From the Czech).

ONE of these days I shall get away from here.
I shall go to Greenland.

Greenland is a nice place;—

A place with white ice and blue air.

It has no hotels with ornate trimmings.

It has no brickworks. No haberdashery emporiums.

No poison and no physic. No royal seats or brothels.

Greenland is a nice place.

It has no shrines or Ursuline convents,
No holies of holies,
No gospels, korans or talmuds,
No legal codes or bayonets,
No republicans,
 Nihilists,
 Plymouth brethren,
No liberals or flunkeys,
No philanthropists or gallows-birds,
No Pius the Ninths or Jans of Nepomuk,
No "Iron Crown, Classes I, II and III,"
No excellences,
 Inspectors,
 Acrobats,
No geniuses or dancing masters,
No supermen, pickpockets or murderers,—
Society there consists of white seals and genuine polar bears.
Greenland is a nice place.
It has no symphonies or comic songs,
No high-brow authors,
No lamp-lighters,
No lanterns,—
Just the northern lights and nothing else.
Greenland is a nice place.
One of these days I shall get away from here.
I shall join the white seals and the polar bears.
I in my purity and they in theirs will found a new and healthy
 race.

THE DECACHORD

A BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR POETS
AND STUDENTS.

EDITED BY

C. J. ARNELL AND S. MATTHEWMAN.

Recent Contributors include :

Wilfred Rowland Childe, Wilfrid Gibson, Robert Graves, E. H. W. Meyerstein, Eden Phillpotts, Lady Margaret Sackville, Siegfried Sassoon, Sacheverell Sitwell, Alberta Vickridge, Humbert Wolfe and other well-known writers.

The Editors are always pleased to receive MSS, and due consideration is given to all submitted, irrespective of authors' names and positions. The only test is merit.

Price ... 1/6

Annual Subscription ... 10/6 post free

Half-year Subscription ... 5/6 ..

THE POETRY PUBLISHING CO.,
HAVEN ROAD, EXETER.

To be Published Shortly.

'The Song of Songs and other Stories and Poems

By

RHYS DAVIES

One Thousand numbered copies will be for sale, the first hundred of which will be on special paper signed by the author, and will have a portrait of the author as frontispiece.

Ordinary Edition, 6/- net.

Signed Edition, 10/6 net.

Order through your bookseller, or direct from Publisher :

E. ARCHER,

68, RED LION ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

Blocks by
RUMPH & WAITE LTD.

Specialists in Reproductions
of Old Engravings in Line and
Half-tone and 3 & 4 Colour Processes.

ELECTROTYPERS

ARTISTS

PHOTOGRAPHERS

CITY 7065

MAY WE
QUOTE
YOU?

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS IN LIMITED EDITIONS.

EPITAPHS.

By the LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE. 200 copies only in two colours on hand-made paper. Bp. in jap vellum. Cap. 8vo.

MON AUTEL.

Poeme Francaise par AYLMER STRONG. 200 copies only in two colours on hand-made paper. Bp. in jap vellum. Cap. 4to.

THE SHIP OF DESTINY.

By G. LAURENCE GROOM, with a preface by G. CHESTERTON and cover-design by CHAS. BROWN. 250 copies. Cr. 8vo.

QUIET LADIES.

By MARION PEACOCK. 250 copies only. Cap.

These books are all beautifully printed by a house which has already won a reputation for fine productions. The type is founded on a 15th century face, the paper is either an English hand-made fine quality antique laid. These are books for the collector of beautiful printing as well as for the lover of fine poetry.

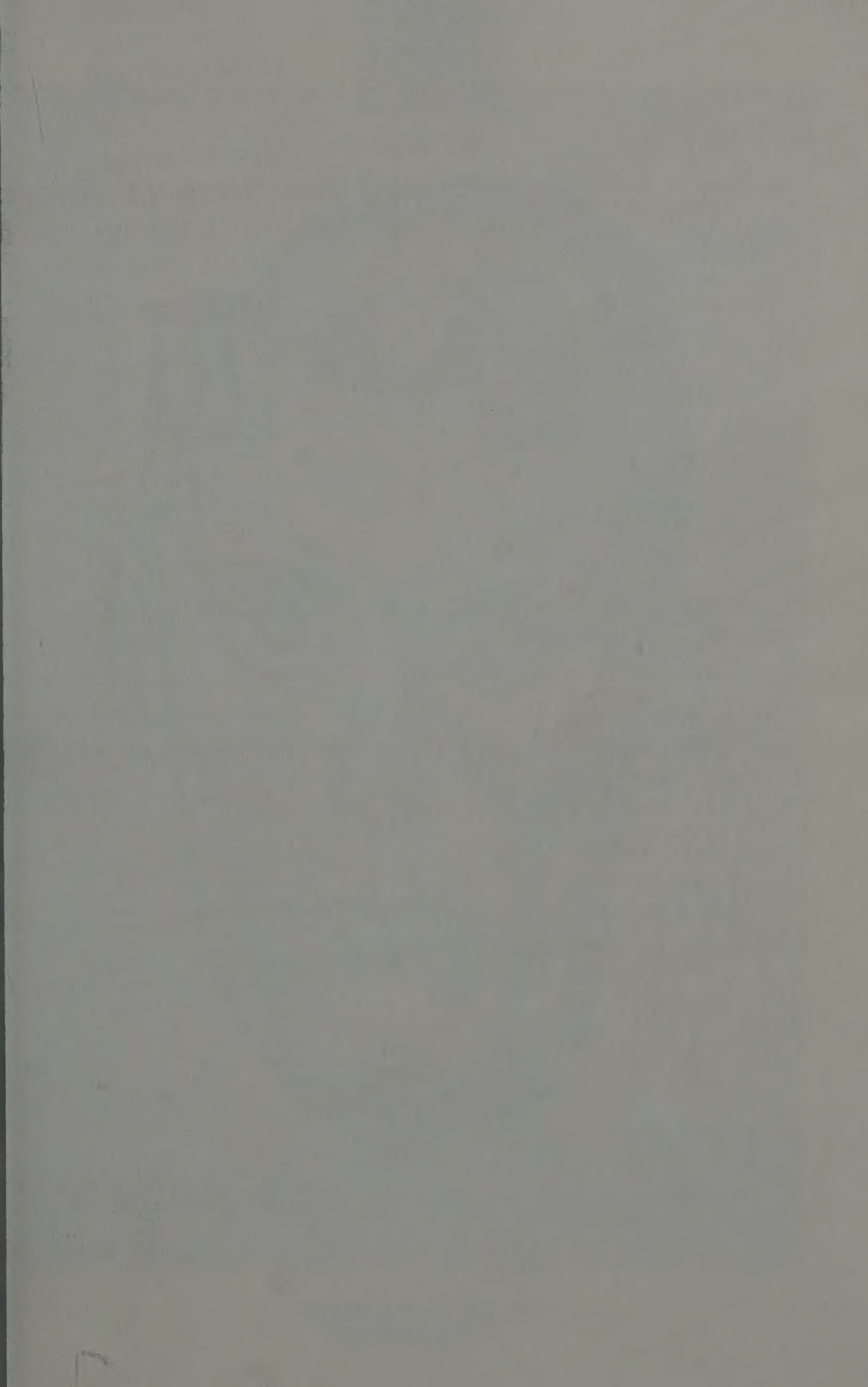
THE SWAN PRESS

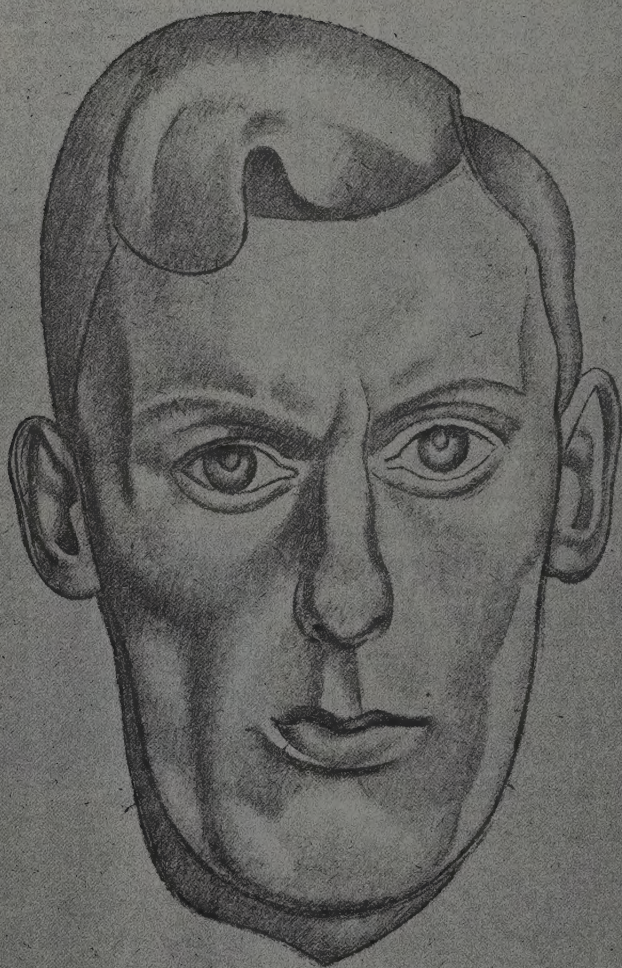
52, BELLE VUE ROAD, LEEDS.

ORDER FROM—

The Progressive Bookshop

68, RED LION STREET, W.C.1.





DRAWING OF H. E. BATES
BY WILLIAM ROBERTS.